

ARNOLD W. BRUNNER
AND HIS WORK



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AFTER THE PORTRAIT IN THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN
BY IRVING R. WILES

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AND HIS WORK

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ARNOLD W. BRUNNER

THE MAN

I

IT MUST have been sometime in the year 1910 that I met Arnold Brunner for the first time; the year is not quite so vivid in my memory as the event, nor of so much importance, for it was of importance, to me at least, as the making of a friend must always be. It was in the new post office at Cleveland, then in process of construction; Arnold Brunner was the architect of that building, and I can see him now as I saw him then, in the midst of the dust and disorder, the noise and turmoil of the bewildering task, a trim, energetic figure, quite immaculate and serene, as smartly turned out as though he were going for a leisurely stroll down Fifth Avenue, if gentlemen were still strolling leisurely down Fifth Avenue in those days, though his manner, perhaps, should not be called leisurely, so hard did he work all the time. He came up briskly, with the confident manner characteristic of him, his eyes sparkling behind their glasses and his engaging smile lighting up the distinguished face with the close-clipped pointed beard. What we said I do not remember; he showed us about, I suppose, but as buildings under construction never interested me so much as they might hope to do—if they cared for my opinion—later on when they had miraculously got themselves finished, and out of their chaos had evolved that order and symmetry in which their designers' dreams come true, I suspect that I enjoyed more keenly the talk that we had over our luncheon afterward. Frank Millet, the artist who went down on the *Titanic*, was of our small party, and we talked about painting and afterward went to look at the mural decorations that Millet was doing for one of the public buildings then being erected in Cleveland.

There were a good few of these, for Cleveland in those days, under its mayor, Tom Johnson, was beginning to realize itself as a great city,

and was being transformed rapidly from a sprawling mid-western town into a modern metropolis. The old haphazard way of letting a town grow up as it pleased was being abandoned, and the new public buildings were being designed with a view to a harmonious ensemble, so that, besides their utility, they might have beauty as well. Arnold Brunner had designed not only the new post office, and the new court house and the new customs house and I know not what other new buildings besides. He was appointed a member of the Board of Supervision of Public Buildings and Grounds in Cleveland, and was, I think, then or later, president, and I fancy that it was very largely his genius that inspired the whole plan that was adopted for the grouping of the new public buildings.

He had indeed a genius for this kind of work. Nobody gave more thought or deeper study to the problem of building cities than he; no one was more intimately or responsibly associated with the remarkable movement in favor of municipal order and beauty in America, and nobody achieved more lasting practical results. It came to be, in a sense, his life-work. It may not at once be apparent what a tremendous task this was. Town councilmen in those days, and for aught I know in these, were apt to look upon such schemes as the illusions of impractical dreamers and visionaries, and with something of the distrust of any esthetic suggestion that must always exist in democracies. To accomplish what he did, Arnold Brunner had not only to overcome this distrust and allay these suspicions of the artistic, but he had to devote an appalling amount of time and study to problems that the practical city fathers had never imagined.

"They think that I want them to let me tie pink ribbons on the lamp-posts," he once complained to me, in as near an approach to despair as he was capable of. But with him such moments did not last long. He was smiling again, even before the phrase was finished, for he had his vision and his faith. In his imagination he saw not only the building he was designing; he saw all the other buildings that then were standing in the town, many of which no doubt he would have pulled

down if he could, and, what was more difficult, he saw all the buildings that were to be erected in that town in the future. He was obliged to study not only the problems proper to the architect, but he had to study economics, the incidence of taxation, the mysterious movements of traffic, trade, and population; he had to see the town, not as it looked to its contemporary inhabitants, but as it was going to look to the men of fifty or a hundred years hence. And that was not all; he had to study the ways of politicians, and exercise the tact of a diplomat in dealing with them.

It was a subject in which I was interested in those days, for I then had the honor to be mayor of my own city of Toledo, where there was building to be done as well as in Cleveland. In many of these works Arnold Brunner became our adviser. He designed a city hall, a bridge, a group of public buildings, and guided our commission in its preparation of a city plan. It was during those years that our friendship ripened and that I came to know him best. He was an artist in the fullest sense. His culture was broad, his appreciation instant, and his judgment sound; he knew not only his own art, or the one he practised, but he knew something of all the arts, and conceivably might have practised any one of them had he chosen. He could talk of painting, or of literature, and his coming was always a pleasure, because one knew there would be something besides shop to talk about. There was something of the Renaissance about him; in spirit and achievement he reminded one of the artists of those times, because they were not only artists, but men of affairs as well. He combined their sense of the practical with their appreciation of the beautiful. He had their robust faith in themselves, their enormous energy, their industry, their healthy attitude toward life, their vision of beauty and utility in harmonious combination, their gaiety and their joy in their work. And he will be remembered as one of the pioneers in that remarkable movement which has made America the leader of the work in architecture.

The long list of public buildings that he designed and erected, and of the cities—Baltimore, Rochester, Denver, Albany—for which he

prepared plans or whose rulers he advised in their improvements on the grand scale, is the best testimony to his authority in this field. President Roosevelt, with his flair for rare and special ability, recognized Arnold Brunner as one of the men best qualified in this respect; he appointed him a member of the National Commission of Fine Arts, and Arnold Brunner played no small part in carrying out L'Enfant's long-neglected plan for the embellishment of Washington. As a citizen and as a member of the Fine Arts Commission he did a great deal for his own city of New York, which he loved so well and for which he labored so hard. He was a kind of ideal citizen, really fond of civic activities, and fond of talking about the problems that perplexed and fascinated him. It was a pleasure to listen to him, for he was a good conversationalist and had an engaging way of communicating his own interest and enthusiasm. He had a sense of humor that enlivened his discourse, for he did not wish anyone to think that he took himself too seriously. This same ability made him a compelling lecturer, and he went about all over the country, often at a sacrifice to himself, delivering addresses to civic bodies on his favorite subject of city planning, illustrating his talks with lantern slides and brightening them by incidents of his wide travels. He was, as I have already said, interested in all the arts, especially in the art of painting, and his holidays were often spent in sketching tours in America and England and France. But his chief happiness, after all, was in the work of his own profession. He was a man of enormous industry and wore himself out, I fear, with hard work, for to accomplish all that he did, to answer the exacting demands of his profession, to travel day and night, and to give lectures, as it were, in the intervals of his labors, required an enormous expenditure of vital force. But he did it all willingly and gladly, even gaily, and as though it was nothing at all, and never spared himself.

It is agreeable to think that the splendid structures he built all over the land will stand as monuments to his remarkable achievement. For it is a remarkable achievement, just how remarkable his friends are only beginning to realize now that he is gone. The sad news of his

passing came with that peculiar shock which one feels on hearing of the death of someone very young; it was so unexpected and so premature that it seemed quite incredible. He seemed to be in the full flush and vigor of his life, the full tide of his strenuous activity. It never occurred to one that his activities were so near their end; he was so young, so debonair, so full of the energy and enthusiasm that belong to youth alone. It is a pleasant and inspiring memory that he leaves, the memory of a friend who was a master of his art, not only because he had developed his talents and his power to the utmost, but because he was intelligently interested in so many other wonderful and beautiful things that lay outside its scope.

BRAND WHITLOCK

II

THE ARCHITECT is not only the most communal of artists; he is also the most self-effacing. Although he works in durable materials, rearing monuments that may outlast such lofty civilizations as those of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, his name is writ in water. Every school-child knows the name of Phidias, the sculptor who adorned the Parthenon; but few college presidents could tell the name of the architect who designed that perfect building. The architect produces art for the sake of the public, and neglects to sign his compositions. Even among cultured people, how many in a thousand know the names of the architects who planned the Taj Mahal, the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, the Roman Colosseum, the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, the nave of Amiens, the choir of Lincoln, or the towers of Chartres?

In this present period of extravagant publicity, column after column in the public press is devoted to the celebration of second-rate painters, third-rate sculptors, fourth-rate authors, fifth-rate actors, sixth-rate musicians, and seventh-rate motion-picture directors; whereas very little is ever said in print concerning the achievements of those archi-

fects who have designed our finest national and civic monuments. The noblest tower of Manhattan Island is known to the general public by the name of Mr. F. W. Woolworth, who paid for it, instead of being known by the name of the architect who designed it. It is as if the Rembrandts in the Metropolitan Museum of Art should be signed and labelled with the name of Mr. Benjamin Altman, who purchased them and gave them to the public. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that not one American citizen in a hundred thousand can name the architect who designed the dome of the National Capitol in Washington.

Because the architect works publicly for the public, he must be a man of the world; because the execution of his projects requires the expenditure of large amounts of money, he must be a man of affairs; but, because his work is very nearly anonymous, he must almost necessarily remain a modest man.

It is not surprising, therefore, that, when Arnold Brunner died, on the 14th of February, 1925, the man in the street was scarcely aware that the United States had suffered an appreciable loss; yet this modest man was one of our leading architects and most serviceable citizens. In many cities of this country it would be possible to say of Arnold Brunner, "If you seek his monument—look about you." The state building at Harrisburg, the post office in Cleveland, the School of Mines at Columbia, the stadium of the College of the City of New York, the cadet hospital at West Point, the great bridge at Harrisburg—these are only a few of the anonymous achievements which have benefited hundreds of thousands of American citizens to whom the name of their benefactor is unknown.

It is particularly fitting that, when an architect of the calibre of Arnold Brunner has completed his life's work, his achievements should be recorded and commemorated by a jury of his peers. Mr. Brunner's manifold activities brought him into intimate contact with the leaders in many other lines of artistic and communal endeavor; and, in the present volume, these activities will be expounded by several of his most eminent collaborators and associates. In this informal appreciation, it remains for

the present writer only to say a little about Arnold Brunner in his private capacity as a gentleman and as a friend.

He was one of the most clubbable of men. In New York, he was a popular member of the Century Association, the Engineers' Club, and The Players; in Washington, of the Cosmos Club; and, in Cleveland, of the Union Club; but, of these, his favorite haunt was The Players, which was situated just across Gramercy Park from his apartment at 1 Lexington Avenue. Down in the basement of this old home of Edwin Booth's, at five-thirty in the afternoon, a silence used to fall, as if the congregated ghosts of the great dead which haunt that hallowed region were expecting the arrival of an equal; and then the silence would be interrupted by the tapping of quick feet on the marble stairs, and Arnold Brunner would appear, with an expansive gesture of the arms, as if he were preparing to shake hands simultaneously with a dozen friends. Then ensued what, to a score of members of The Players, was generally known as Arnold Brunner's hour. He was fluent, brisk, and copious in talk, but never garrulous. He dominated the conversation merely because, in very truth, he had the most to say. He never mentioned architecture and rarely referred to any of the arts, except perhaps the current drama; but he talked keenly and acutely about the events of the day and the public problems of the moment. In his customary conversation, he seemed less like an artist than like a successful man of affairs and a public-spirited citizen.

In appearance, also, he seemed more like the president of a bank or of a railroad than like the shy and almost furtive artist of those delicate sketches in pen and ink and water colors which are illustrated in the present volume. He was always finely dressed, with that little touch of dignified formality which became a gentleman whose manners had been inherited from a generation more punctilious than that which now is pushing to the front. Though he was not a tall man, he had a fine figure and carried himself like a soldier. He was distinctly good-looking, and, in any company, would catch the eye, as one who had authority.

Yet he never talked about himself, except to narrate humorously

his unavoidable contentions with the ignorant politicians whose temporary positions oftentimes permitted them to interfere with the execution of his communal designs. He was never happier than when he told a joke upon himself—except when he was able to render a service to some fellow-artist. He was one of the kindest and most generous of men; and he seemed always to glory more in the successes of his friends than in his own.

For many years, while I was actively engaged as a critic of the current drama, it was necessary for me to attend the theatre almost every night, and it was understood between my wife and myself that we could never go to dinner parties. To this domestic rule we made one exception, and only one. Whenever we were invited to dine at the Arnold Brunner's, we accepted immediately, regardless of the theatrical calendar. There was no other household in New York in which it was quite so agreeable to dine. The parties were always small, numbering usually from eight to twelve, and the company was always selected with unerring tact. Arnold Brunner chose his friends not because they were famous, or wealthy, or well placed, but because they were intelligent and likable. There was never a dull person at his dinners; and he bound his friends not only to himself, but to each other, with bonds that were as light and tight as heart-strings. He did not star himself at his dinner-parties; he starred, instead, the charming woman who was his wife, and of whose personal and social talents he was far more proud than of any achievements of his own. And, quick and ready though he was in talk, he was also an eager and an interested listener, and was most happy to efface himself when the give and take between his well-selected guests became most animated.

When Arnold Brunner died, many of his most intimate friends were amazed to be informed that he was nearly sixty-eight years old. They had always thought of him as a man in his fifties. His black hair was scarcely touched with grey, his dark eyes were young and bright, his complexion fresh and clear. He carried himself alertly, moved nimbly; and his entire personality was electrified with an ardent and abounding

energy. Nobody ever thought of age or illness in connection with Arnold Brunner; and on this account his sudden death seemed, for a long time, to his intimates, to be almost unbelievable. And perhaps it is not over-fanciful to find an answer to this enigma in that maxim of the Greeks—that those whom the gods love die young.

The years go on; but still a silence falls, at five-thirty in the afternoon, in the basement of the old house in Gramercy Park which used to be the home of Edwin Booth; and men like Oliver Herford, the artist, and Robert Aitken, the sculptor, and a dozen others, still listen for the tapping of quick feet adown the marble stairs which announces the advent of Arnold Brunner's hour. The dapper presence, the debonair demeanor, the youthful exuberance, the healthy energy, the hearty handshake, the rich and resonant laughter, the kindly word, the generous suggestion—all these well-remembered traits sweep down the stairway like a breeze from the front door; and they hover in the atmosphere until the clock is nearing seven.

CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE ARCHITECT

BROADLY speaking, one may come into the practice of architecture by either the romantic or the pedantic route. These are large terms, to be sure, and yet they make as good a general definition of that sort as any other. Whether or no they are sufficiently inclusive and defined to afford a comparison of the value of either route is a question for the pedagogues. The sponsors of the romantic method will stoutly contend that such is the road that genius always takes. What the supporters of the other method will say is not difficult to imagine, and in all that they say there will be some but not all of the truth. To clarify, in the present instance, it might be said that the romantic term here used would imply primarily a quest for beauty and a wishfulness ultimately to test one's creative powers not wholly in a lucrative sense.

Arnold W. Brunner, one would say without hesitation, was drawn toward architecture by the magnet of romance rather than by the pale austerities of academicism. Good fortune took him by the hand at an early date, and together they crossed the Atlantic and came to a school in England. Those who know anything of either the social or educational traditions of the English schools of the seventies of the last century will not, upon reflection, be likely to consider that fortune did him an ill turn. What greater problem of adjustment could a boy find than in being plunged as the only American among a group of English schoolboys? Although it is barely six decades ago, imagine what an *uitlander* a young New Yorker would then have appeared, for the English youth of that day were neither unaware of nor timid at looking for and commenting upon the crudities that Americans were said to possess in an unexampled manner. A rougher test in adaptation could not have been given to a lad from the United States, and we may feel quite sure that the qualities that Arnold Brunner later developed in his relations with men, both in private and in public life, the evidence of which has in this volume been so sincerely chronicled, were solidly



GRANADA

AFTER THE WATER COLOR BY MR. BRUNNER

rooted in those early English experiences. Those qualities are as necessary to an architect as to any other man whose calling requires that he shall live a full and rounded life. If the method of implanting them would seem too harsh for many a parent, even in a day when parental authority was scarcely challenged, it had the merit of that thoroughness, that deep-rootedness which has ever been one of the cardinal fundamentals of a masterful race.

Coming back to New York, Brunner went to a public school, but it was not long ere there were definite stirrings and inclinations. The record of his school-life in England is a scanty one, but it seems wholly reasonable to suppose that the architectural savor of England had not been missed, or that the lavish record of the building craftsmen, written in wood and stone and brick wherever one may care to roam from Land's End to Thurso, had not escaped the eye that was later to guide his hand in the making of the astonishing sketches that he has left. Perhaps it was in coming back to New York that Brunner became sensitive to the poverty of the American architecture of that day—a desperate poverty, generally speaking, such as could hardly be realized save by the American traveller abroad or the foreigner coming to our shores. What more natural, then, than his determination to give over his school and to take the romantic road that still might be found, in those days, in the office of a practising architect?

The records, as I have said, are very scanty; merely a jotting here and there; certain outstanding events and dates, and yet in the effort to piece them together a certain fabric seems to weave itself and to be quite clear in the pattern. Brunner had definitely chosen the architectural career as a result of certain experiences, and inasmuch as an architectural school was unheard of in the England of his school days, it seems probable that he had become keenly aware, by contact and observation, of what another age had done in building and had felt the urge behind it all. But if the school did not suit, neither did the office of an architect. Perhaps the vista there opened seemed over-long, or perhaps the work was dull and uninspiring, or may it not have been

that the new architectural school in Boston seemed the answer? We shall never know for sure, but, in any event, Brunner soon left the architect's office and went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the architectural department of which was then presided over by the greatly beloved William R. Ware. From that institution he was graduated in the Class of '79, among the members of which were H. Langford Warren, James Knox Taylor, William M. Kendall, Frank Alden, Robert Harlow, and Wadsworth Longfellow, a group of men familiar to every American who has even no more than a casual acquaintance with the history of American architects and their works. Looking backward to that day, this seems to have been a pretty tolerable achievement for a youth of twenty-two, for Brunner was born in New York City, September 25, 1857.

On coming back to New York City, he at once entered the office of George B. Post, one of the then very prominent figures in American architectural practice, and there he began diligently the process of fitting the romantic and the pedantic to the practical, learning the steps by which the dream emerges, assumes form and shape in drawings, and ultimately is translated into the finished structure. Some four years or thereabouts he must have kept at this task, for during the greater part of the years 1884-85 he was roaming the continent of Europe. Shall we opine that romance had again taken full sway? What else can one imagine as one scans the pages whereon he recorded his impressions and so plainly revealed the quality and extent of his interest? Only a keen sense of something very akin to romance could have inspired the record of that period that Arnold Brunner has left. The grandiose and the monumental, the pedantic and the stylistic, were very obviously what he was not seeking. His eye was for what we must call the homely things, the vividly human things, the long steady flow of things. He looked at architecture not as a pedant but as a poet. He sensed the definite relationship between the flow of life and the flow of building, with its changing character, its streams of tendencies, its slow response to new needs or to new methods. He saw also order, harmony, and

a decent regard for the structural ensemble that makes up every fine communal growth, and the worth of which is determined, in every way, not by the brilliant performance of individual artists but by the common regard for that very decency of ensemble, once seemingly so simple and today so difficult, almost so impossible.

With an accuracy, a spontaneity, a deftness that could hardly be surpassed, he caught the living things—groups of peasant women at the market, a knot of sailors sitting on a bench or leaning idly over a parapet wall, a priest going languidly in the sun, a housewife in her ancient kitchen, and then, relating all of these to the structural environment, to their daily comings and goings, and to the comings and goings of long lines of forefathers, he drew gable ends, quaint chimney pots, the delicious turn of a baluster, the upward flight of a stone stair, the sweet curve of an iron railing or the simple pattern of a grill; doorways, windows, bits of carvings, capitals, a sculptured torso—all the intimate touches that your true architect loves with a great joy, for in them he recognizes the freedom and the skill of the master workers that were and are no more. Turning the pages of Brunner's sketch-books one becomes aware of two things: the marvelous draughtsmanship that was his, and the still unmolded mind, free to feed avidly upon the past, free to ripen slowly and so in some measure to prepare for the new era that was just dawning in the United States.

On his return from Europe there was formed with Thomas Tryon the partnership of Brunner & Tryon. During the period of this association nothing of note occurred. It was not until 1898, some time after the firm had ceased, that Brunner won the competition for Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City and took his definite place among American architects. Mt. Sinai was one of the noteworthy hospitals of its day, as it still is, so it seems fair to conclude that Brunner must have brought certain ripened talents to a competition which he was successful in winning from a group of well-established practitioners.

The Federal Building at Cleveland was won in another competition in 1901, again from a brilliant field, and coincident with this project

Brunner began to give great attention to the modern problems of city-planning. Cleveland was one of the first cities seriously to consider a group plan for its public buildings, but the movement was everywhere taking form. Unfortunately, practically the entire attention of public-spirited citizens was at that time concentrated on amelioration. Our cities had developed at the whim and caprice of individual interest. Everywhere was the unpleasant legacy of selfish seeking. Slums, congestion, disorder,—and to a mind such as Arnold Brunner's the spectacle and the opportunity were accepted as a challenge. Of his labors in this field others have written. Largely his dreams were unrealized during his lifetime. The forces to be reckoned with were more stubborn than the pioneers had imagined. In our optimism we believed that the remaking of cities could be accomplished without disturbing the pecuniary factors and processes by which these same cities had been built, but the problem was not so easy. The colossal blunders of the past were not to be so easily undone, and yet to Arnold Brunner must be given the praise that we accord to the pioneer, the stouthearted and the courageous adventurers in the wilderness that lies beyond established tradition and hallowed custom.

In 1910 the fever of the new era in American architecture was pulsing high, for the authorities at Washington, long overdue in their activities, had ventured upon certain large plans for the improvement of the capital city. Indeed, the Plan of Washington, as it was called, had been another of the prime factors in stimulating attention upon the fast multiplying ills of American urban development. Growing out of the intensive study of this plan came an architectural competition for three buildings that were to be grouped as an element in the large scheme, a comprehensive part of the great whole, the outline of which was sketched in by Washington and L'Enfant as far back as 1793. The competitors were in three sets, twenty for each of the buildings. There were three independent juries and yet there was a common understanding, even an official instruction, that the buildings were to be studied in design as a problem of harmonious relation. The pick of

the American profession competed for these now historic buildings that were never built. Brunner won the commission to design the building for the Department of State; York & Sawyer won the building for Commerce and Labor; while Donn Barber won the building for the Department of Justice. The architectural profession heaved a sigh of satisfaction, for it seemed as though the capital city was really embarked upon an architectural plan that would give a tremendous impetus to other cities and exercise a profound impression upon the growing demand for better architecture.

But the end of this much-trumpeted project, as already intimated, was an inglorious one. We need not venture far into a study of the apathy of Congress or its reluctance to vote considerable sums for the improvement of Washington. The temptation to spend money where it will produce votes is not an unrecognized factor in American political life, and this in spite of the fact that in 1910 the functions of government in Washington were disgracefully housed, even as they have continued so to be ever since. Arnold Brunner never lived to see the fruition of his plans. When he died, February 14, 1925, the vanished years had seen the original site for which his design was made pass out of the scene, and now the whole project will have to be studied anew. But such as this were the heartbreaking vicissitudes of architectural practice. What architect has not known them? What office has not many such skeletons in the closet of dreams? Today, sixteen years after the event, there looms in sight the possibility that Congress will finally take cognizance of the deplorable situation it has so long ignored and that gradually there may be begun an orderly public building program for the capital city of the nation.

In this plan for Washington, Brunner took the keenest interest. Indeed, from about 1900 on, he was leaning more and more toward the larger aspects of architecture. City-planning claimed more and more of his time. He had gone a long way from the dream period of 1884, and yet the trail of those romantic days lies clear in many of his projects, although there was a vast difference in scale. He was interested, deeply

and intensely, in plans and projects out of which a sane and beneficent architecture might be evolved. He had the pioneer's faith. He had the American confidence. He had the English patience. He had the tenacity, the sense of scale, the insistence on esthetic factors that I think he would have attributed to what he had learned during his long rambles in France, the country he so loved and the people whose reasonable outlook he so greatly admired. We shall reckon his place in American architecture—in spite of the important buildings he designed, in spite of the great project at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, now partially completed—more by the history of his unrealized dreams, by the tale of his courage in grappling fearlessly with essentially new problems involving considerations and details such as no architect ever before had to face. The pecuniary processes of city building are not lightly to be tampered with, as we are beginning slowly and painfully to learn.

Looking backward to the sketch-books to which I have so often referred and then to the dreams of later life, we shall discover the imprint of a man who found romance in both. Surely Arnold Brunner found a considerable measure of it in the chessboard of American city problems. Technically, the moves seemed simple and straightforward. Economically, there were checks at every turn. But for Brunner the romance was there. It was rooted deep in the old communal development of Europe, in the remembered harmonies that dwelt in many an old-time ordered square and skyline, in the decencies that held individualism in check. It was these things that Brunner wished in some manner to expand and so lend them, on a great scale, to heal the gaping wounds left by our unbridled individualism and the resultant growing pains of our American urban agglomerations. Architecture, in its true sense, means that if it means anything. This Brunner felt deeply and that feeling is the base upon which the true architect rests, for architecture is primarily a social servant; only as it makes for order and serenity may it claim to be the greatest of the arts.

CHARLES HARRIS WHITAKER

THE CITY PLANNER

ARNOLD W. BRUNNER was an architect by profession and also very much of a city planner by inclination. Including these professional and technical qualifications in his capacity for usefulness, he was something more important than either or both—a militant good citizen, an eloquent advocate, a man with a passion for useful, orderly beauty in everyday surroundings, not only in the home and in the office but in the street and in the city. He thought, worked, and spoke continually for the advantage of the eyes of the so-called “plain people” who crowd the streets and live in most of the houses in our yet generally ugly cities.

As an architect I have no competence to estimate or discuss his achievements; save in one important instance, I have no detailed knowledge of what he did. I do know that he had a noble conception of his profession, as evidenced in an address made in 1915 to the National Institute of Arts and Letters, meeting in Boston, in which he said:

“We architects are the scene painters of the world. Much of the scenery, the backgrounds of great events, remain today as records, and are more convincing than written history. Constructed of enduring materials these scenes of marble, granite and bronze bring to our senses a vivid realization of stirring actions and heroic deeds of actors long since gone. . . .”

As a city planner I can speak of what he dreamed and attempted, and somewhat of what he did, from the standpoint of a civic observer who for a quarter of a century has striven to make American communities better places in which to live, visiting in that wholly unofficial endeavor a half-thousand of the cities, towns, and villages of this great nation.

In his city-planning work, Mr. Brunner remarkably combined the practicabilities of any situation to which his genius was applied. He knew his subject instinctively as well as from full study and wide travel, and this instinctive basis comes rather close, I think, to that quality

which we call genius, and which adds to unremitting effort a spiritual insight that no man of mere painstaking application could ever provide.

It was, then, this quality of insight or of genius that caused Arnold Brunner to see past the mere traffic arrangement, the street layout, the location of public buildings, and so to conceive them to be put together as to place in the eye of the common people those forms of beauty that make life so much better worth living.

That his conception of city-planning was sound and very different from the thought based on many of the relatively ornamental cities of Europe, in which beauty sometimes acts as a front for squalor, was well proved when in his memorable Baltimore report, written in 1910, he said, in addressing the mayor and the government of that city, and speaking as well for his associates, John M. Carrère and Frederick Law Olmsted:

"I shall not speak of the city beautiful, which seems to imply sculpture, fountains and a world of pretty things; that is not what our Commission has in mind at all. The City Sensible is more to the point. . . . A city should be treated as a whole and should have a plan the same as a building. It may not be built from plans and specifications and finished according to contract, but it must follow some definite pre-arranged scheme.

"Most of our cities straggle and develop in a haphazard fashion. The majority of them 'just grewed,' like Topsy. No one would undertake a business operation of any magnitude without looking ahead and making some provision for the future. The average city does just the contrary, and with few regulations for guidance and no provision for future expansion and growth, congestion and irregularities occur which are the cause of great inconvenience. Mistakes are made and much unnecessary expense is the result of the changing and re-changing found necessary.

"It is quite possible to regulate the growth of a city. We regulate the traffic in the streets and naturally submit to the rules of the Fire, Health, and Building Departments, and so the control of the expansion of streets and buildings is logical and proper. A crowd left to its own

devices becomes a mob; the same crowd drilled and properly led becomes an army. . . .

"The importance of civic beauty is admitted, but there is a general feeling that it is extravagant and that you cannot afford it. It is not extravagance; it is economy. . . .

"A number of ornate buildings, scattered here and there and built on streets that are too narrow to receive them, and expensive monuments, placed on inadequate sites, cannot make a beautiful city. Buildings that are excellent in themselves are ineffective unless properly placed. Fountains and statues demand proper positions and well-designed surroundings or their beauty is lost."

When it is realized that these words were written a half-generation ago, the prophetic quality of Mr. Brunner's thought and recommendation is apparent. That he thought of zoning as a necessary part of a city's progress long before that name had been applied to the regulation of the height, area, and use of buildings in cities, appeared in his "Studies for Albany," prepared at the request of the mayor of that city in 1913. He then gave utterance as follows:

"To preserve the streets, a law regulating the height of buildings is absolutely necessary. It seems obvious that buildings should be proportioned to the width of the street upon which they are built. The streets belong to the citizens and no individual should be allowed to ruin them. One of the greatest elements of beauty in the most noted streets of Europe is due to the fact that the height of the buildings is restricted. Several American cities have already passed laws to this effect, and these laws have been found to be constitutional by the courts. Boston, for instance, has different limits in different parts of the city, varying from 80 to 125 feet, and New York City has just passed a law which is extremely liberal but is a long step in the right direction.

"Albany at present has not been spoiled by groups of skyscrapers, a fact that makes it comparatively easy now for it to pass laws limiting the height of buildings."

It is a regret that I have not notes made at the time of the utter-

ance of one of Mr. Brunner's characteristic and picturesque descriptions of that part of New York City almost wholly given over to what is known as "The Great White Way at Night," and which ought to be known through its daytime appearance of machinery for light signs as "The Great Black Mess in the Daytime." I can quote, however, from this same Albany report sententious utterances showing his conception of the street furnishings and of the advertising difficulties:

"Necessary evils, such as trolley poles, may be inoffensive or they may be violently objectionable. Letter-boxes, fire-hydrants, and the like may be inconspicuous or glaringly evident. Street signs may be positive annoyances or examples of excellent lettering. The electroliers, of all things, must be well designed or they may exercise a direful influence on their surroundings. A good electrolier costs no more than an ugly one. . . .

"No city or no street is free from the advertising nuisance. Great efforts are now being made in many parts of the country to limit and restrict advertising so that the most beautiful buildings and parks shall not be spoiled. Legitimate advertising is often so exaggerated that the insistence of the business of the individual at the expense of the rights and feelings of the public has become a scandal. The billboard, unless kept within careful bounds, has become a public enemy and every means should be taken to suppress it."

This Albany report is of peculiar interest to me because it relates to one instance in which I quite unconsciously collaborated before the act, and not after it, with Mr. Brunner.

Sometime early in the second decade of this century, Mr. Bok, of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, had agreed with me that it was worth while to make effort toward having American state capital cities better indicative of the security and self-respect of the governmental functions of the states they lead. This brought about visits to many state capitals and resulted in a series of pages for the magazine concerning these capitals, the pages being wholly pictorial and the story only in the legends under the pictures.

Now Albany, New York, was one of the cities visited, as was Trenton, the capital of New Jersey. The Trenton page was first printed. It was absolutely truthful, to be sure, but it opened to the eyes of Trenton a condition of public squalor and general ugliness which had been complacently accepted for a long time, but the publication of which was bitterly resented. The immediate outcome was a letter to the publisher of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, denying the facts. The morning after a copy of it reached me, I was in Trenton looking for the writer who had, however, found it convenient to be away that day. I first visited all the localities and found that nothing had happened to change the situation, and then called at the City Hall, where an endeavor was made at once to put me on the defensive. Not ten minutes passed before there was complete admission that the pictures were accurate. The outcome was happy, for Trenton did have ideas of betterment, and Trenton since has excellently begun to carry them out, possibly hastened considerably by seeing herself as others saw her.

The Albany page was much worse than the Trenton page, because the rail and water approach both provided for Albany an even more impressively disregarded and ugly condition than that relating to Trenton. Inasmuch as publication was delayed, it seemed wise to go to Albany and note whether conditions had changed. It was in connection with this visit that I had one of my first contacts with Mr. Brunner, from whose "Studies for Albany"¹ I have above quoted. He had seized upon the very things that my completely made-up page of pictures painfully and glaringly showed, and had proposed plans for making beauty and orderliness where there was only unpleasant disregard for either. Of course, the page was dropped, and it was one of the unconscious victories of a picturesque journalistic campaign for which the editor properly took credit in "The Americanization of Edward Bok."

Somewhat in the same general direction, but without the picturesque accessories, was acquaintance with the city of Rochester, to which city

¹Charles Downing Lay, collaborating Landscape Architect.

I had taken the general story of city betterment and city planning, without knowledge that Mr. Brunner was associated with Bion J. Arnold and Frederick Law Olmsted in plans for better things for that city. Looking now at the "City Plan for Rochester" I am the more impressed with the sane soundness of the plan, with its practicability, and with deep regret that while Rochester has listened to these prophets, she has not as yet given full heed to their voices.

Mr. Brunner's introductory remarks to the Rochester report are very much in point:

"Rochester is exceptionally agreeable among American cities of its size; it is prosperous; it is growing. What occasion is there for improvement? Just because it is prosperous and growing Rochester must take steps to meet the changing conditions forced upon it by that growth, or in the absence of improvement will come deterioration; for a living city cannot stand still.

"The main physical features of the city, over which the municipality alone has responsible comprehensive control are, (1) the means of local transportation, consisting of streets and the street railways and other public services that use them and thereby multiply their usefulness; and (2) the public buildings and public open spaces for every kind of use. All of these must be considered with regard to their net value to the community from the point of view of their practical efficiency and from that of their contribution to the agreeableness of the city as a place of residence and of industry."

I might speak at length of that group plan for the city of Cleveland in which Mr. Brunner collaborated with Daniel H. Burnham and John M. Carrère, which was properly heralded abroad and, alas, not followed as it might and should have been, because of changing administrations and political interferences. Any discussion I could make of that plan, or of the Baltimore report above referred to, or of the proposed changes for Riverside Drive¹ extension in New York, clear outside of my bailiwick, would lead into a field of technique in which I

¹Frederick Law Olmsted, collaborating Landscape Architect; also for the Denver Civic Center Plan.

am competent only as I have enthusiasm for the work proposed, without any claim for other ability to judge it than merely to set it up against what seem to be human needs and means for their satisfaction. It was these human needs that stirred Mr. Brunner to great words and to great thoughts, as witness another quotation from the Boston address of 1915:

"It seems to me that in our daily lives we have underestimated the influence that our backgrounds, our scenery, exert on us. I know a church that suggests a music hall. I know a theatre so sombre and gloomy that our spirits are depressed when we enter it. I know a museum of fine arts where it is almost impossible to concentrate one's attention on the paintings and sculpture. These buildings, pretty enough to look at, violate the first rule of the game. They do not express their purpose, but on the contrary nullify and contradict it.

"Some years ago I had occasion to visit a court-room in New York. Men kept on their hats, whistled and laughed. Large brass spittoons were numerous, but though necessary, were copiously disregarded. A noisy lady who sold apples was garrulous and apparently very popular. The general atmosphere was most disorderly and the attendants had difficulty in securing silence at the entrance of the judge.

"A few years later I visited the same court-room and was astonished to find all this changed. Men removed their hats when they entered, and talked in low tones. The apple lady remained in the corridor and an air of dignity and decency prevailed.

"The reason for this gratifying change was that the eastern wall had been covered by a mural painting of great beauty — Simmons' figure of Justice in the center, flanked by well-painted groups on each side, three prisoners on the right and the three Fates on the left, dominated the room. The influence of this powerful composition had made the previous disgraceful conditions impossible. The picture made its appeal and the appeal was instantly answered.

"Whoever has seen Blashfield's mural painting in the United States Court-room in the Cleveland Federal Building must recall its effect on

the public. Its beauty and strength, the two splendid angels pointing to the Ten Commandments, the majesty of the law and the tragedy of crime—here too make a background that speaks; that fulfils its purpose.

“We can build a study in which no man can study, a library in which nobody can read, or we can design rooms for such purposes, restful in treatment, simple in form, quiet in tone, that will not irritate and distract, but on the contrary soothe the inmates and make concentration easier. Such rooms exist.”

Of course Mr. Brunner was a courteous gentleman, and as a member of the Executive Board of the American Civic Association I found him, for the long years of my endeavor as its president, keenly interested and broadly helpful. He was enjoyable, too, because of his picturesque quality of expression, particularly when addressing himself to the billboard nightmare above referred to, which both daily and nightly makes great Manhattan a hurly-burly of lights and letters, of pills and pickles, of cigars and coffees. Nobody was more disturbed than Mr. Brunner, especially as he saw the new skyline of New York growing in novel beauty, at those selfish advertising monstrosities which, even now, may not have reached their climax of civic jazzing. As I have before written, he could say things about billboards which if he had been close enough were sufficiently hot to have burned them down! One of these remarks I have treasured:

“Individualism is admirable, but it may generate into license. Even in a free country, a democracy, there is a limit to the rights of the individual, and that limit is reached when they run counter to the rights of the community.”

But there was a quality about Mr. Brunner, peculiar, rare, admirable, valuable, not possessed by many men. Believing in a subject, he had that curious indefinable faculty which is sometimes called personal magnetism that would cause others to believe in him. He could meet men who came to him hostile to any idea he might have, and could win them to his way of thinking not only by the straightforward showing of merit but by his genial, persuasive eloquence. I have seen

him in action repeatedly, and with a long experience in seeing good things go wrong for the lack of just that quality, could admire the way in which Mr. Brunner handled one governor after another of the State of Pennsylvania to bring through a great dream which, if it may be carried out, as now seems likely, will add to his enduring fame. He was the tactful, genial, resourceful advocate who, not abating one iota either of dignity or of principle, could by sheer force of his personality win past obstacles that had been insurmountable to others.

It was this quality of his character applied to his citizenship which made him possess the *n*th power of ability in his work as architect in connection with the Pennsylvania Capitol improvements and extensions. He did not always get all he wanted, but he always made an impression, always kept his temper, and always scored an advance, even if not the advance to which he was entitled.

Arnold W. Brunner was a great man as a friend as well as an architect, a city-planner, an advocate, and a citizen, and I am the better, much the better, for years of association with him on a plane wholly outside his business, where I was, in a sense, a sort of imitation John the Baptist for the things for which he stood.

J. HORACE MCFARLAND

THE COLLABORATOR

I

MY MEMORIES of Arnold Brunner began long ago when he was a very young student in Paris, and in the great army of men whom I met there and later in New York, I recall scarcely one who so retained his appearance of youth. I am sure that to the end of his life none, save those who really knew, would have dreamed how greatly the number of his years exceeded that appearance.

Perhaps the natural sweetness of his disposition kept him youthful. I have more than once seen him overworked, harassed even, by the problems which were poured in upon him, have seen when it was proper for him to be *angry* and he came right up to the mark that one liked to see reached, but I never saw him peevish. Busy as he was—hurrying from an interview in his office to his seat in a Pullman car, and then off on the road towards some city which he was pulling to pieces before new planning should begin to take effect—he seemed to always find time to answer questions or give advice at the last moment and to answer and advise kindly.

In some way or other, the association of him with Paris, which in my mind began so early, never ceased, and I think of him as happening along the Rue de Rivoli or out of some hotel from the Crillon to the westward as far as Meurice's to the East, always with Mrs. Brunner, and so often with a prompt invitation to one to lunch or dine and go afterwards *en petit comité* to some theatre, preferably the Comédie Française or the Odéon, for both he and Mrs. Brunner loved the drama and were well up in their knowledge of the repertoire—the plays that had lasted and were given occasionally and loyally by that nation which, nominally fickle, is of all countries most faithful to its masterpieces, whether of three years ago or three hundred. I well remember how, as we stood one day on the Place du Palais-Royal and not far from the outdoor passage, shut in by wooden rails that led to the ticket office of



VITRÉ

AFTER THE WATER COLOR BY MR. BRUNNER

the cheaper seats for the Comédie Française, he said, "Look at them," pointing at the workingmen and shop-girls packed in behind the rails and patiently waiting at seven in the evening in the late sunshine of a summer day. "Look at them — those people giving their time and their small savings to an evening with Molière or Victor Hugo or Alfred de Musset instead of to the movies — isn't it bully?" He traveled extensively in Europe in the interests of the study which was so especially congenial to him, the study of city-planning, and talk with him about it was likely to be interesting and enlightening.

I had spent part of a summer just before the great war in visiting German cities; the Teuton love of trees and capacity for bringing the forest up against and almost into the smaller towns had compelled my enthusiasm, and induced much talk about Cassel and Leipzig and other places. Brunner praised willingly what was good, but showed me excellent reasons for much qualification of my enthusiasm.

And it was so when, one day, Mrs. Brunner and he and I went up the river past Notre-Dame, to visit, as guests of Colonel Pichon, the proprietor, his famous Hotel de Lauzun, which helps to guard one end of the ancient quarter that surrounds Saint Louis en l'Île and covers the little island. It was at a moment when there had been much talk about the property possibly passing into American hands and being dedicated in a way to American progress in the arts. I was to be Mr. Brunner's guide to the hotel, but he became *my guide* the moment we entered the seventeenth-century courtyard, and in the Louis Fourteenth and Louis Fifteenth rooms of the main floor, he pointed out to me not only what was worth while but what was not, and gave most useful suggestions, both of encouragement and warning, in relation to the difficult problem which might confront us in any proposed adaptation of this fine old palace of the Montpensiers to modern needs of either club-house or headquarters for experts and professors of the arts, since there was never any thought of turning it into a painting or drawing-school.

It was quite natural that a man who found a congenial task in the

altering of the silhouette of a whole quarter of a town should be interested in that compositional interrelation which is the very first thing to be studied in the interior decoration of buildings.

The movement in American mural building began immediately after, and even during the holding of the World's Columbian Exhibition of Chicago. McKim, Post, and Richard M. Hunt led the way. One remembers with respect, and even reverence, the example of William Hunt in Albany, and of John LaFarge in the Church of the Ascension, and one eagerly watched the placing of Abbey's and Sargent's work in the Public Library of Boston. Brunner, though a younger man than any of the "big four" of Chicago, almost immediately interested himself in the carrying on and developing of the new work. There had already come one of the widest opportunities that had or ever has come to American decorators in the State Capitol of Minnesota in Saint Paul—and Brunner shortly followed with his Federal Building of Cleveland which included the court house and post office, and for which very many painters and sculptors collaborated under the superintendence of the architect. In the Fifty-seventh Street house of Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, as well as in the much larger house which he occupied later on Fifth Avenue, Brunner introduced much decorative sculpture and painting, and his name was again closely connected with that of Mr. Lewisohn in the building of the stadium immediately adjoining the College of the City of New York. When the fourth centenary of Shakespeare was celebrated, and Mr. Percy MacKaye's *Caliban* was being played there, the author took me behind the scenes, up the towers and all over the stadium, and in seeing the hundreds of young people who made up the *dramatis personæ*, swarming among the columns when they were not in the arena playing, and always in the light of the torches and great cressets and colored fires, anyone with a sense of dramatic beauty had to feel profoundly grateful to Arnold Brunner for having provided one of the most effective and impressive backgrounds that could be seen anywhere. The columns and great curves to the steps of Brunner's creation were,

perhaps, even more consonant with the colossal dramas of Euripides, Iphigenia, and the Trojan women which followed there a few months later.

Brunner's interest in decoration, whether by painting or sculpture, was unflagging, and my very last communication with him was in regard to some panels which at his instance were being painted for Columbia University (Barnard College) by a young graduate of the American Academy of Rome. Mr. Francis C. Jones and I went together to inspect the panels at Brunner's urgent request. On our return with a favorable report, we telephoned at once and learned that he was too ill to be spoken to—it was the beginning of the end. Certainly he died in harness if ever a man did. My feeling is strong that he derived real pleasure from his interest in decoration for he *gave* great pleasure to those who worked with him.

He was peculiarly sympathetic as a collaborator and as the commander of an enterprise, which the architect naturally becomes in any general decorative scheme, for he had a way at once of keeping in touch with his collaborator and at the same time leaving the latter an almost complete freedom of thought and action. He did not say "I feel this, thus and thus" but instead, he asked "How do *you* feel this?" and if your point were at all well taken he would at once accept it in principle even if he modified it in detail. He enjoyed working out the problem with his executant, and when the panel for the court house in the Federal Building of Cleveland was being painted, much time was given to talks which he and I had together and during which we made careful preliminary reviews of the general color-scheme for the interior of the principal court-room, he meantime showing me good-sized specimens of all the marbles to be employed, as well as of the different tonalities which would be used in the gilding.

The first work which I did for him was begun not so very long after the Columbian Exhibition of Chicago ended, and from that time onward we served again and again together on committees of the Architectural League, the Federation of Fine Arts of New York, the

National Institute of Arts and Letters, while we frequently ran across each other in summer-time in Europe.

In this way, and especially during his Cleveland work, I had many opportunities of marveling over the number and variety of the questions brought before an architect and frequently for immediate decision. They impressed me profoundly, and I venture to quote here, from a book by myself on mural painting in America, a couple of pages, touching upon the ubiquity and omniscience demanded from any architect who is creating a great public building.

"Think of the whole that must be conceived *as* a whole, the parts that must be subordinated—their infinite and infinitely subtle inter-relations, their sizes, proportion, shapes, colors, surfaces, the nature of their material, the character of their appearance, simple or complicated, austere or rich. What employment is here, what exaction! If we drop a pin into a delicate mechanism, the disturbance may at once be felt by even ponderous wheels which that delicacy has served and governed. Anybody can understand this because anybody can understand the disturbance that results. In a great building, a small artistic mistake may also be farreaching in its disturbance of general harmony, but this time it is not by any means everyone who can realize it at first, because it is not so patent and only such eyes note it as are prompted either by feeling or informed by training. But the small mistake, if unnoted, can go on with its mischief until a big dissonance results, and you have a regular 'house that Jack built' of successive mischances, all started by one little disagreement when 'the dog began to worry the cat' with bad forms upon good proportions or something of the sort.

"All this the architect must foresee, or rectify, or suffer for. Therefore he must be armed at every point; he must be a gladiator and fight the opinion of big and little where it is hurtful, and he must have a moral consciousness that can soar like an *aëroplane* above consideration of gain. He must, for example, reject in favor of cheaper material the costlier marble which would swell his commission but might hurt his artistic effect. He must be modern and meet the modern problem, and



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in so doing must turn his back resolutely upon some of the effects which he has most loved and studied in the past, effects upon which he has been brought up to the comfort of his eyes and mind. He may not consider first of all the proportions which he would *like* to have. He may not spread out his plan, for he is building on ground more precious than gold, and he must squeeze his house and press it together, and shoot it straight up into the air. Two feet of recess may cost thousands; two feet of projection may entail a lawsuit and condemnation. He may not treat his façade with beautiful constructive ornaments, but instead must make it a kind of colander for the sifting of light into every cranny of a thousand office rooms, and in considering these same rooms he must unite something of the knowledge of a fireman, a purveyor of fresh air, and even of a sanitary inspector Historians of art have celebrated the many-sidedness of Renaissance architects who could build domes and paint miniatures, play the lute and write sonnets, carve *intagli* and *colossi*, but even of them we believe were hardly exacted more kinds of knowledge than are exacted of the modern architect.

“‘Are you a man or a meeracle?’ says the sergeant to Kipling’s Mulvaney in *My Lord the Elephant*. ‘Betwixt and betune,’ replied Mulvaney. And so to me the architect has seemed betwixt and between a man and a miracle in his capacity for round knowledge.”

Brunner was very generous in giving his personal time both in advising and making sketches. The often-recurring Building Projects of the National Academy of Design, which brought about periods of mental and physical travail for all of us who were upon the various committees, never found him indifferent, and he helped us with important and elaborate drawings more than once. As an officer, too, whether as president of the Fine Arts Federation of New York, or as treasurer of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, his qualities were of high value to those societies, for he added to the faithfulness of his attendance an invariably patient kindliness in listening to long discussions, and he showed a quick sympathy with the other man’s point of view. In my own relations with him, which covered many years, it seemed

to me that a certain delicacy was always notable in him, as if he had his eyes first, of course, upon the work and its proper conduct, then, secondly, upon my interests rather than upon his own. In fact, to employ that most useful Italian expression, he was eminently *simpatico*. I have heard from young people who went to him with their troubles that he would take up the problem for them in the most generous spirit and, laying hold of the first sheet of paper at hand, he would rapidly make sketch after sketch, saying, "You try that" or "How's this; is this in the direction of your thought? If so, why not make this?" or that, or the other modification, until he had unraveled the worst tangles for them and sent them away encouraged. In fact, he was the sort of man whose enthusiasm for his work, backed by his consideration, his promptness, his energy, and the *bonhommie* which permeated every one of these qualities, made him one to be relied upon and welcomed indeed by those to whom he so generously gave his friendship. In many art societies, architects, sculptors, painters, and members of the Century and Players' Clubs will remember long and affectionately their comrade, Arnold Brunner.

EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

II

MY ACQUAINTANCE with Arnold Brunner was coincident with my coming to New York to live. It was in the spring of 1888 that I bought a house—125 West Eleventh Street—which I proposed to convert into a studio for myself, with other studios for possible artist tenants. Naturally I needed professional advice, and found it in the office of Brunner & Tryon, a firm of young architects who had recently opened an office on Union Square. Thus began an acquaintance ripening into friendship and continuing until recently, broken first by the death of Thomas Tryon and, last spring, by the passing of Mr. Brunner. I may recall that I put the patience and amiability of my

architects to a test after plans had been made for converting my house into studios, by suddenly breaking it to them that I had concluded to take unto myself a wife, and that the plans would have to be radically changed to meet the new conditions, as a residence as well as my studio. That our relations were not strained by this change of front is in itself a tribute to the architects. The partnership of Brunner & Tryon was dissolved after a few years, but an acquaintance so happily begun with Arnold Brunner developed in succeeding years into an unbroken and valued friendship.

Of Mr. Brunner's ability and accomplishments in his profession, others will speak with greater authority than I could, and give him the high place to which he is entitled, but I may properly speak of his happy attitude toward collaboration and of his recognition of sculpture as a decorative essential of his buildings. On the exterior of the post office building in Cleveland and on the Cuyohoga court house, he made sculpture a prominent feature, and enlisted the services of a number of sculptors in making the groups and single figures, applied with a realizing sense of the value of sculpture to architecture. My own association with the architect in this work I recall with pride and pleasure. He was an ideal patron, uniting with a knowledge of the character of the sculpture he desired and the architectural requirements, a recognition of the fact that, within certain limits, it is better to let the sculptor work out his own solution of the problem rather than to hamper him by imposing embarrassing restrictions. This does not mean that he failed to keep control of the whole scheme and to put the impress of his own ideas upon the work, but that he also was most considerate of the sculptor's point of view and did not worry him with immaterial details, a course which has been the cause of more failures in sculpture than anything else.

Mr. Brunner will be remembered by his high achievements in architecture; by his extraordinary public spirit which led him to give unsparingly of his time, strength, and talents to matters of art and utility in city, state, and country; by his prominence in occupying positions

of honor and usefulness, as president or chairman in art societies and committees entrusted with important art developments; by his exhaustive knowledge of city-planning and the practical application of this knowledge, notably illustrated in Cleveland; by his fairness, good judgment, and wisdom which made him sought far and wide as arbiter in important public affairs; by his gift of oral expression which enabled him to give his views and opinions clearly and forcibly, always with conviction but with due deference to the opinions of others; finally, and perhaps more than by aught else, he will be remembered by the personality and the traits that so endeared him to the wide circle of his acquaintances and the closer circle of those who felt that they knew him intimately.

Rare social qualities as evident as daylight were his, and they made him universally welcome. To these qualities add those of cheer and humor, of quickness of perception, buoyancy, and interest in his fellow-man; add also a felicitous talent for conversation, a knowledge of the world, and a keen interest in it—add all these and even more, for such is the abiding memory of the man.

It is a common remark that the world goes on just the same however prominent the man may be who leaves it, but this is far from the truth, and in the case of a man like Brunner is obviously false. The combination of talents and acquirements that made him so valuable and so useful a member of the community was unique, and no one can fill his exact place or perform as he did the services to which his life was dedicated. We have to content ourselves with the knowledge that what he accomplished has greatly benefited the world, and that his character and his works will continue to be a power for good for all time.

DANIEL C. FRENCH

III

CHAMP CLARK said of Thomas Jefferson, "His mind was both telescopic and microscopic in its range and operation." Those who worked with Arnold Brunner in his various fields of endeavor must have felt that he, too, gave evidence of having that type of mind.

Brunner was an enthusiast in all things, great or small. His interest was without limitations. He knew the "feel" of a medal or coin and enjoyed the surface of a canvas or a marble. In his attitude toward the creations of his fellow artists, he always found the good in their work and the time to make mention of it to others.

A proposition put to Brunner was met by the full measure of his critical power—examining it from every conceivable angle and testing each and every part. He would render his opinions in such a genial manner that, though his criticism were destructive, he never gave offense in presenting it.

He was keen to benefit from the suggestions of others and would ply one with such questions as, "Do you feel that if as and so were done, the results would be better?"; or perhaps, "If instead of doing thus and so—we did this or that?" He was always anxious to draw helpful suggestions from any source. His innate sense of the fitness of things was developed to a marked degree, making him a sound and sane critic, possessing a constructive rather than destructive tendency. For this reason he rendered valuable service on a number of important commissions engaged in planning the architectonic future of several cities, including our National Capital.

He valued the importance of concerted effort toward holding the individuals of the different artistic professions together, and took an active part as leader and councilman in a dozen such organizations. His clearness of thought, the correctness of his judgment, and the incisiveness of his opinions, coupled with an unusual executive and administrative ability, made him a splendid officer.

Brunner was a versatile conversationalist. His interests in life were so many-sided that he could take an active part in any discussion and invariably make a valued contribution, adding always a delightful humorous note, by a timely anecdote or story.

He preferred to talk on matters pertaining to art, yet never forced this, his favorite topic, but would express his views on most any subject with the same interest and ability.

As an architect, his works throughout our country speak for him.

In making this inventory of the factors in the character of Arnold Brunner that lifted him above his fellow workers, I cannot help feeling that, knowing him as well as I did, my memory of him as a friend has prevented me from giving an adequate outline of his make-up. I might have said that, in the passing of Brunner, we lost a great architect—a true friend—a genuine man.

ROBERT I. AITKEN

FELLOW MEMBER

IN ONE of the essays which Cowper contributed to *The Connoisseur* a century and a half ago he recorded his opinion that "the rational intercourse kept up by conversation is one of our principal distinctions from brutes"; and this opinion is as valid early in the twentieth century as it was late in the eighteenth. A main reason why we join clubs is that we may thereby profit by the rational intercourse of conversation and thus emphasize our distinction from the brutes. But we are usually cautious in our selection of our associates in these circles; and we are likely to be attracted to the organization wherein we may expect to have the inestimable privilege of foregathering with those "who speak our own language"—to borrow an apt phrase. We seek out congenial spirits having kindred tastes, however much they may differ from us in their opinions.

In three different groups of men more or less like-minded I had the pleasure of meeting Arnold Brunner and of remarking his possession of the indefinable quality which has been called "clubbability." These three organizations are The Players, the Century Association and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, in each of which Brunner made himself immediately welcome and long held an honored place. In fact, he was so highly esteemed that he was elected to office, at one time or another, in all three of them. It is always a compliment when a member is asked to accept a position of responsibility; and if he is so chosen by the suffrages of his fellow members year after year, the election is not an empty compliment, it is a testimonial to his successful service, to his competence for this labor of love, often as onerous as it is always unremunerated. This recognition of his qualification for office came to Arnold Brunner repeatedly, and always without his seeking it.

I doubt not that other contributors to this memorial will record amply and adequately Arnold Brunner's services to the city of New York—first as a member of the Board of Education and then as a member of the Art Commission. He served also as a member of the Na-

tional Commission of Fine Arts. He was a vice-president of the American Civic Association and of the National Sculpture Society. He was president of the Architectural League, of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, and of the Fine Arts Federation of New York. He was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design in 1910, and he became a member in 1916. He was chosen to the National Institute of Arts and Letters in 1913. These honors may have come to him mainly in recognition of his own artistic accomplishment; but they are, some of them at least, also testimonials to his administrative ability, to his willingness to give himself freely for the benefit of his fellows. Even more obviously, however, do many of these promotions testify to his ample possession of the social gift, to his urbanity, to his tact, to his facility in getting on with his fellowmen, and to his energy in getting things done. His aid could always be counted on in any effort to advance the standards of civilization and to make life richer and finer and better worth living.

I dwell on his possession of the social gift because it was one of the most outstanding traits of his character. He had a shrewd comprehension of human nature. I noted this when I first met him at The Players, more than a score of years ago. When he came into the grill-room he was always heartily greeted and a place would be made for him, even if the table happened to be already crowded. The Players was founded by Edwin Booth especially as a home for actors, dramatists, and managers, but its founder had wisely arranged that the stage-folk should be amply companioned by the practitioners of all the allied arts, by painters and sculptors, by architects and musicians. The wisdom of Edwin Booth in thus mingling artists of all sorts was justified from the very beginning. The Players constituted a happy family into which Arnold Brunner was instantly adopted.

Equally cordial was his reception by the Century Association, to which he was elected in 1903. Between The Players and the Century there are as many points of similarity as there are of dissimilarity. In fact, the most obvious difference is that the average age of a Centurion



STUDY FOR PROPOSED MUSIC AND ART CENTER—NEW YORK CITY
FACING CENTRAL PARK—FIFTY-NINTH STREET

is probably ten or fifteen years more than the average age of a Player. The Players, which had been established for the benefit of the actors, had greatly gained by its inclusion of authors and artists; and the Century, which was founded by artists and lovers of art, had achieved a like catholicity of membership. And in both clubs the art most insistently cultivated was the art of conversation. So it was that Arnold Brunner as speedily made a place for himself in the older institution as he had in the younger. In both he could not but feel that he was in his element. He was a good talker — and an even better listener; and the art of listening is as precious as the art of conversation, and even rarer.

In the commemorating paragraphs of the annual report of the Secretary of the Century, Mr. Alexander Dana Noyes, we are told that Arnold Brunner was not often absent from the long luncheon-table where “his ready conversation, apt rejoinder, and quickly kindled humor always gave stimulus to the exchange of views. He was perfectly willing to talk shop, if the conversation moved in that direction, and he talked it so extremely well that he rarely failed to give to his interlocutors new viewpoints on art and architecture. That is the part of his conversation which the rest of us will undoubtedly remember, although Brunner never forced his favorite topic and although he interested himself at once when the discussion turned to other aspects of life and professional achievement To the last, contempt for the commonplace and banal was his underlying principle. When pressed, as he sometimes was, to reproduce architectural effects of a period whose appeal was made chiefly to primitive architectural taste, Brunner was always fond of citing the dictum of another old-time Centurion, to the effect that American architecture of that type embodied ‘the art of covering one thing with another thing to imitate a third thing, which, if genuine, would be highly undesirable’.”

Both in The Players and in the Century, Arnold Brunner was honored by election to office. In the Century he was a member of the arduous Committee on Admissions. In The Players he sat on the Board of Directors and served for three years as the treasurer.

I was associated with Arnold Brunner also in the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and here again he proved himself to be most efficient—so efficient indeed that his fellow members violated an established tradition and insisted on his retaining office long after the normal period of its occupancy had expired. The constitution of the National Institute of Arts and Letters calls for the annual election of all officers—a president, six vice-presidents (representing the three departments of literature, art, and music), a secretary, and a treasurer—these nine officials constituting the Council which has to guide for twelve months the destinies of the organization. To avoid the obvious disadvantages of a too rapid rotation in office, the custom has grown up of reelecting all these officers for a second annual term, but in order that a large number of the members shall have the opportunity of familiarizing themselves with the problems of administration, it is only upon rare occasions and for special reasons that the incumbent of any office is granted a third term.

The one unprecedented exception to this excellent custom was to be observed when Arnold Brunner was elected treasurer year after year, until he was serving his eleventh term when he died in office. This renewed compliment was evidence of the efficiency with which he administered the financial affairs of the Institute. When we had an official of proved capacity in a post which demanded special competence, we saw no reason for making a change. Possibly this deviation from our tradition was due in some measure to the delight with which the two or three score of us who dined together at the annual meeting listened to Brunner's report on the state of our finances. He never wearied us with a string of figures, always difficult to apprehend if we have only our ears to convey them to us. When the order of business called for the report of the treasurer, we awaited it without apprehension and we received it with acclamation. Arnold Brunner's succinct statement was clear, brief and yet complete: "We have taken in so many dollars; we have spent out so many dollars. The annual balance is therefore so many dollars; and our total funds are now so many dollars."

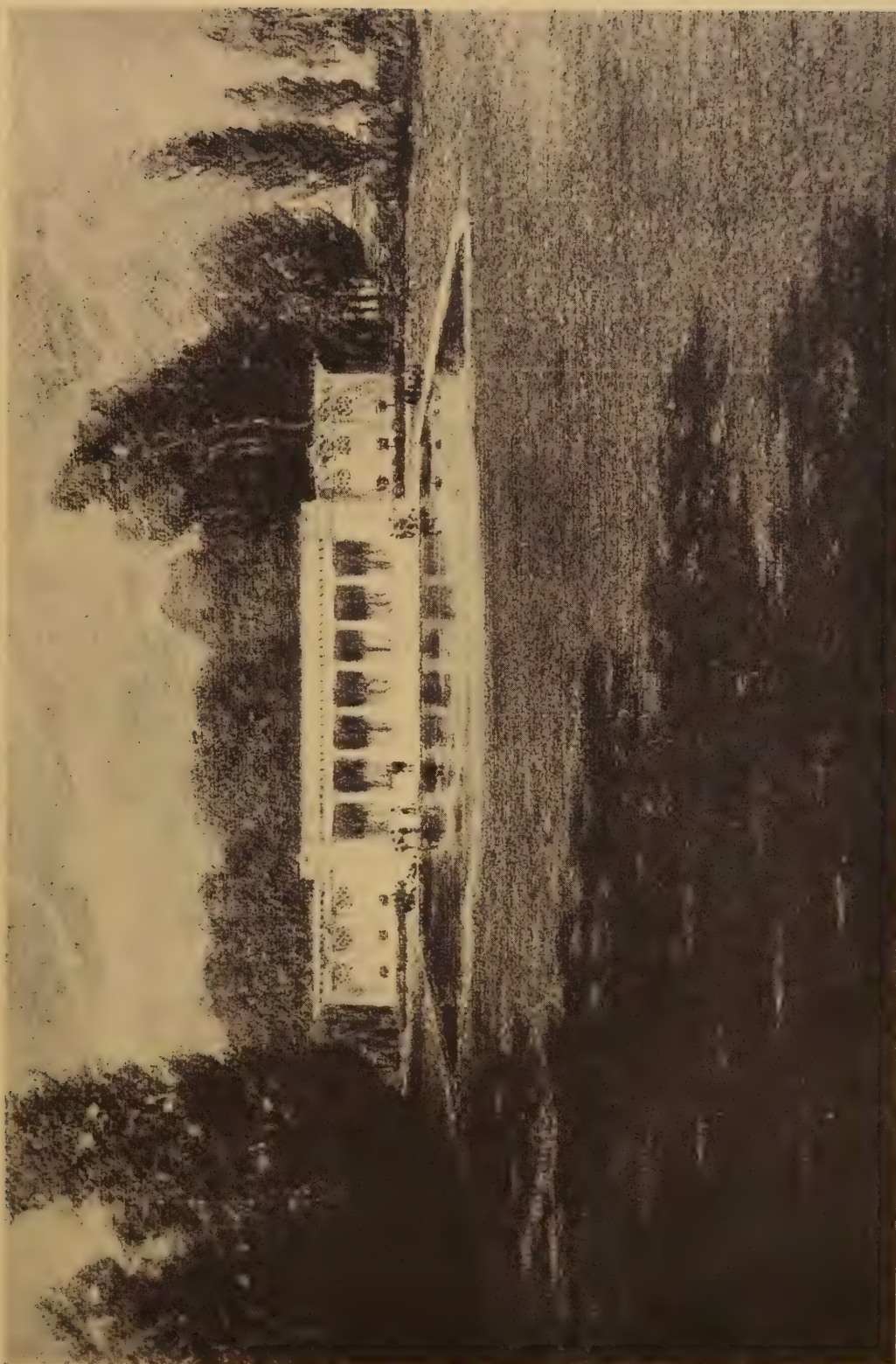
Far more competent pens than mine have chronicled the achievements of Arnold Brunner as an architect, as the associate of sculptors and painters, as an exponent of city-planning, and as a potent factor in the artistic advance of this country. He was a good citizen, and a helpful friend to all good causes. When his interest was once aroused, his response was immediate and unwearying. Yet he was never aggressive in his advocacy. As he was constantly making friends for himself, so he was ever winning friends for the plans he was urging. He was an untiring coöperator and a loyal fellow-worker. And, moreover, he was possessed of a winning personality—which is to say he was a man as attractive as he was unassuming.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

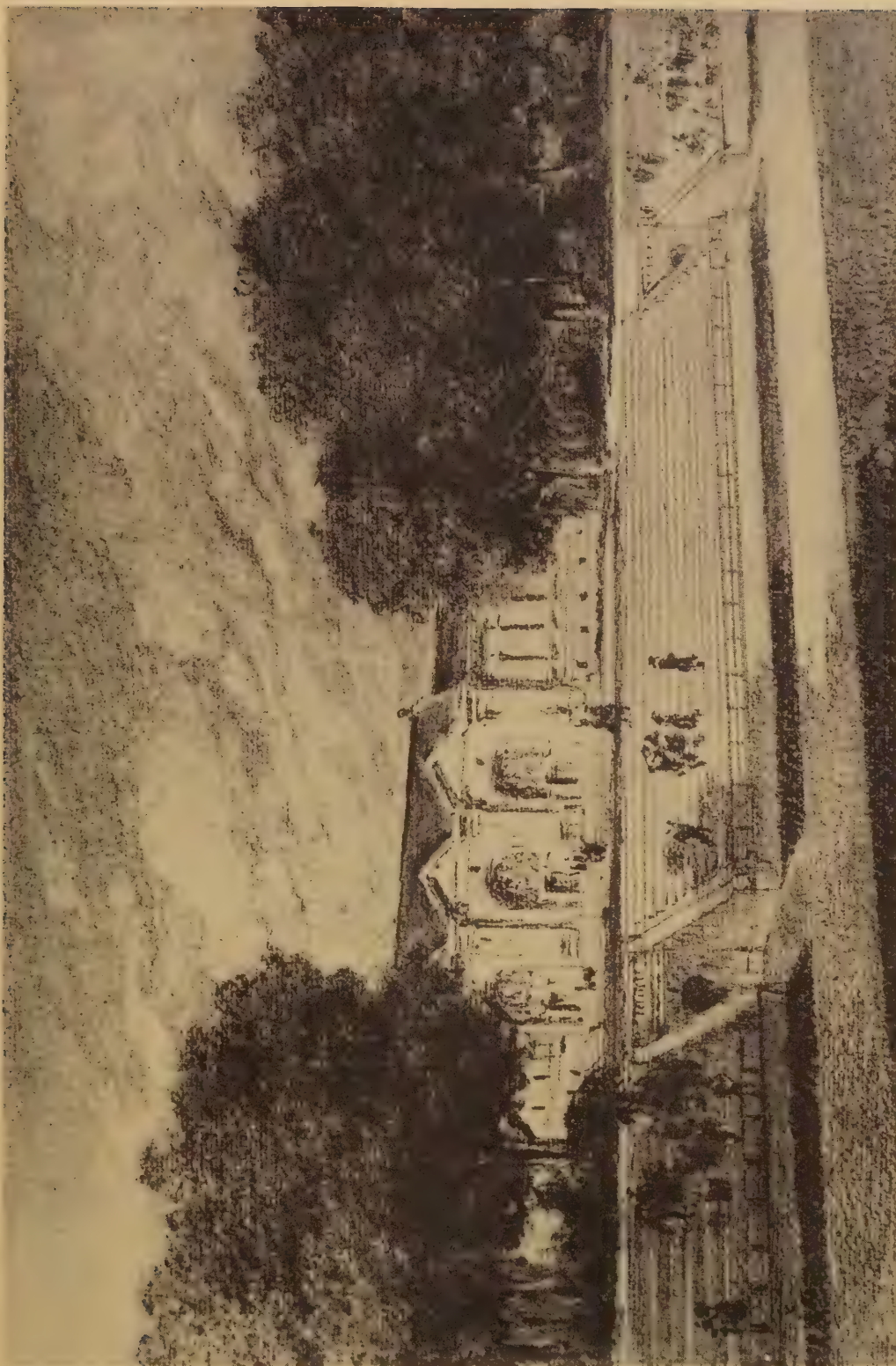
SKETCHES FOR PROJECTS
ILLUSTRATIONS OF EXECUTED WORK



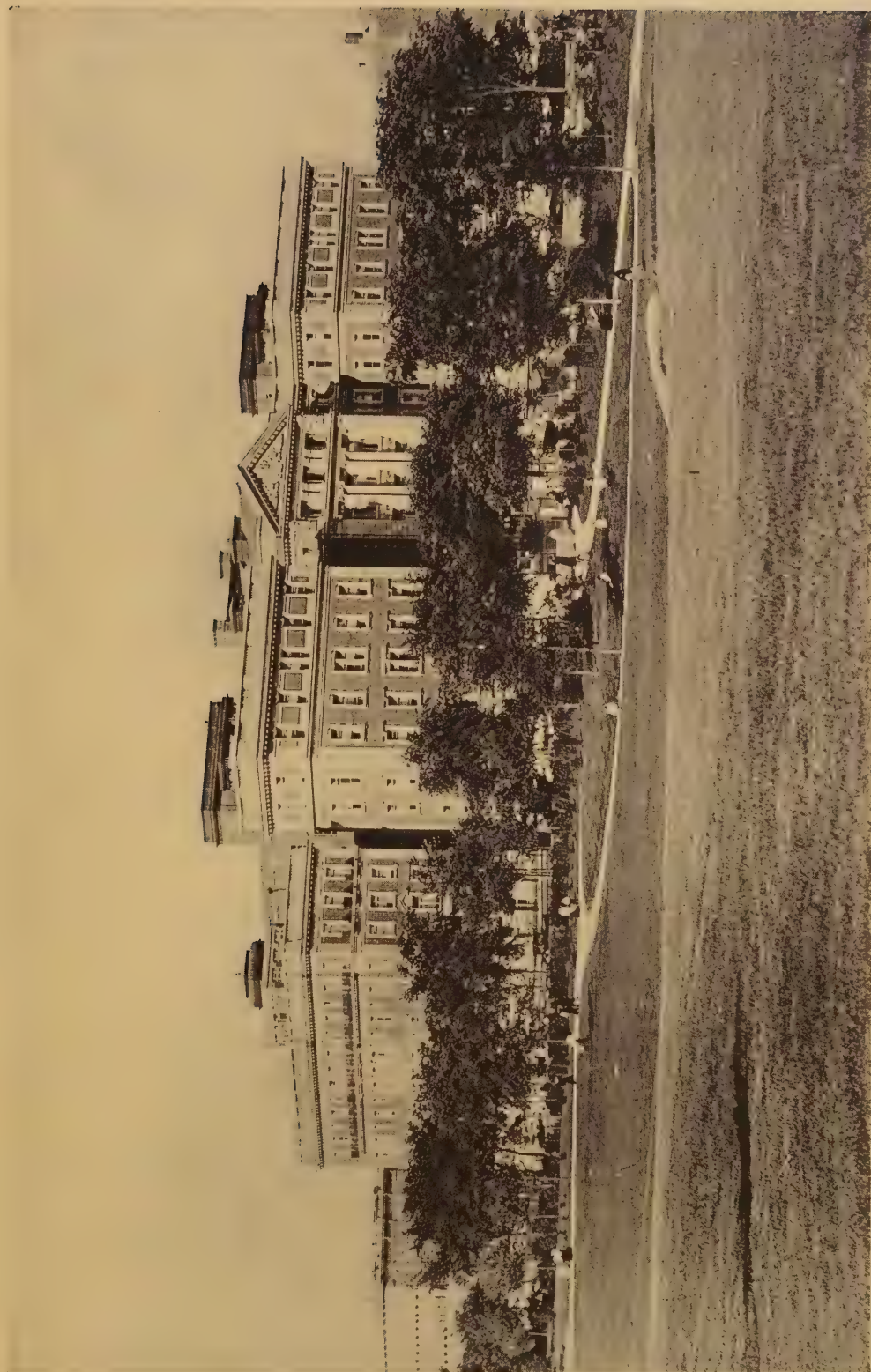
ALBANY
SKETCH FOR BRIDGE PYLONS
CITY ENTRANCE



BEAVER PARK, ALBANY, NEW YORK
PERGOLA AND POND, CHILDREN'S PLAYHOUSE



BEAVER PARK, ALBANY, NEW YORK
FIELD HOUSE OVERLOOKING ATHLETIC FIELD



MT. SINAI HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY



MT. SINAI HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY
CHILDREN'S PLAYROOMS, CHILDREN'S PAVILION



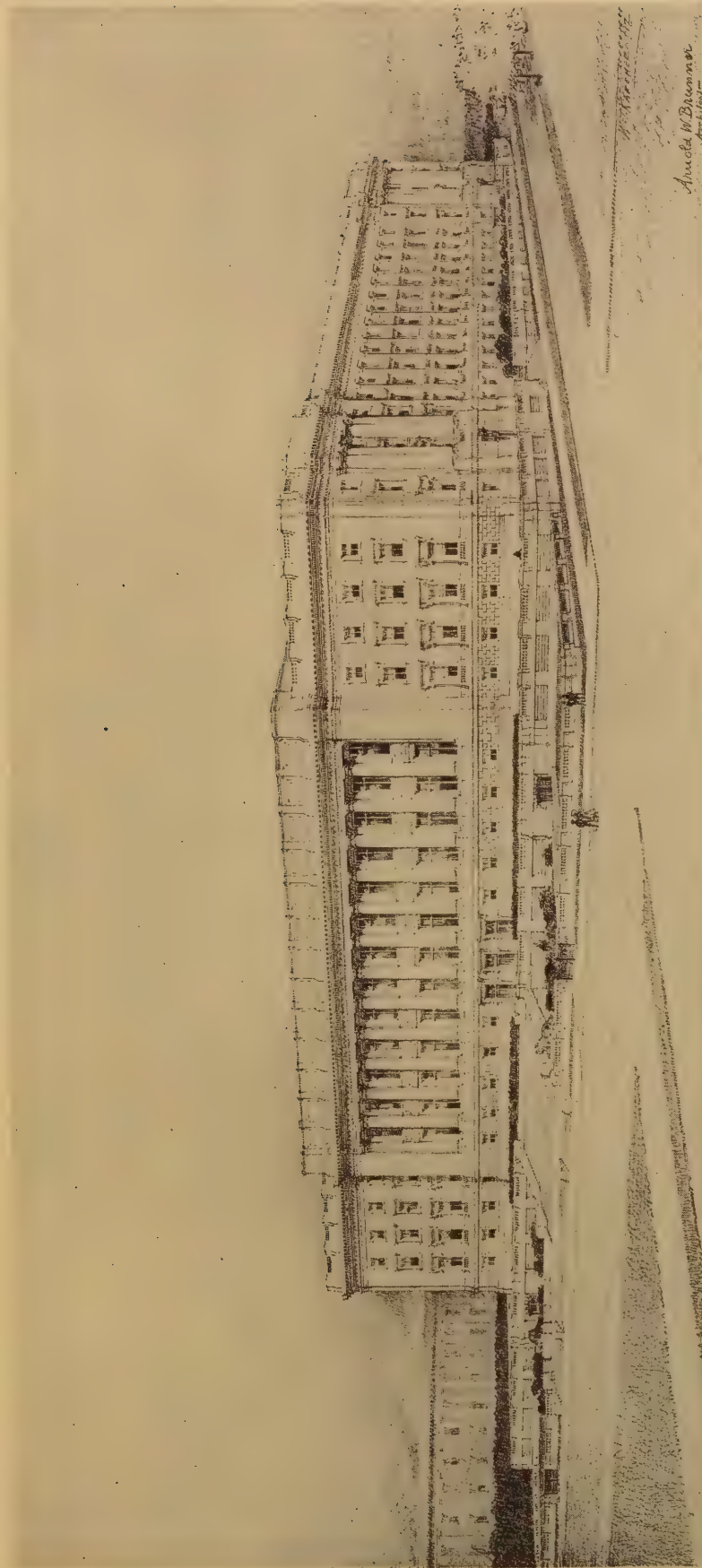
MT. SINAI HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY
TYPICAL CORRIDORS, PRIVATE PAVILION



BLUMENTHAL AUDITORIUM, MT. SINAI HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY



PROPOSED BUILDING FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
COMPETITIVE AND PREMIATED DESIGN



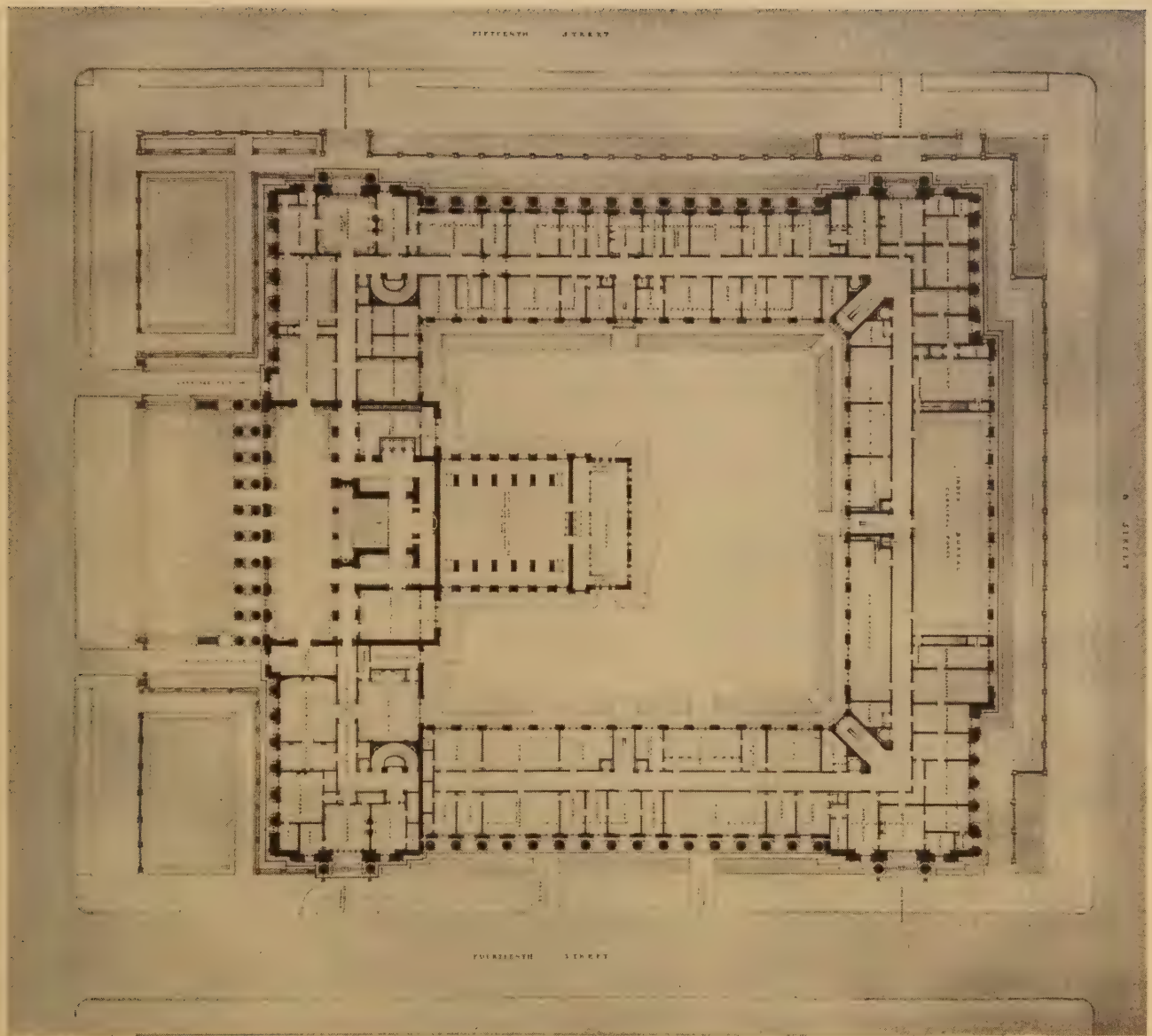
PROPOSED BUILDING FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
PERSPECTIVE OF THE REAR



PROPOSED BUILDING FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
STUDY FOR A COURT



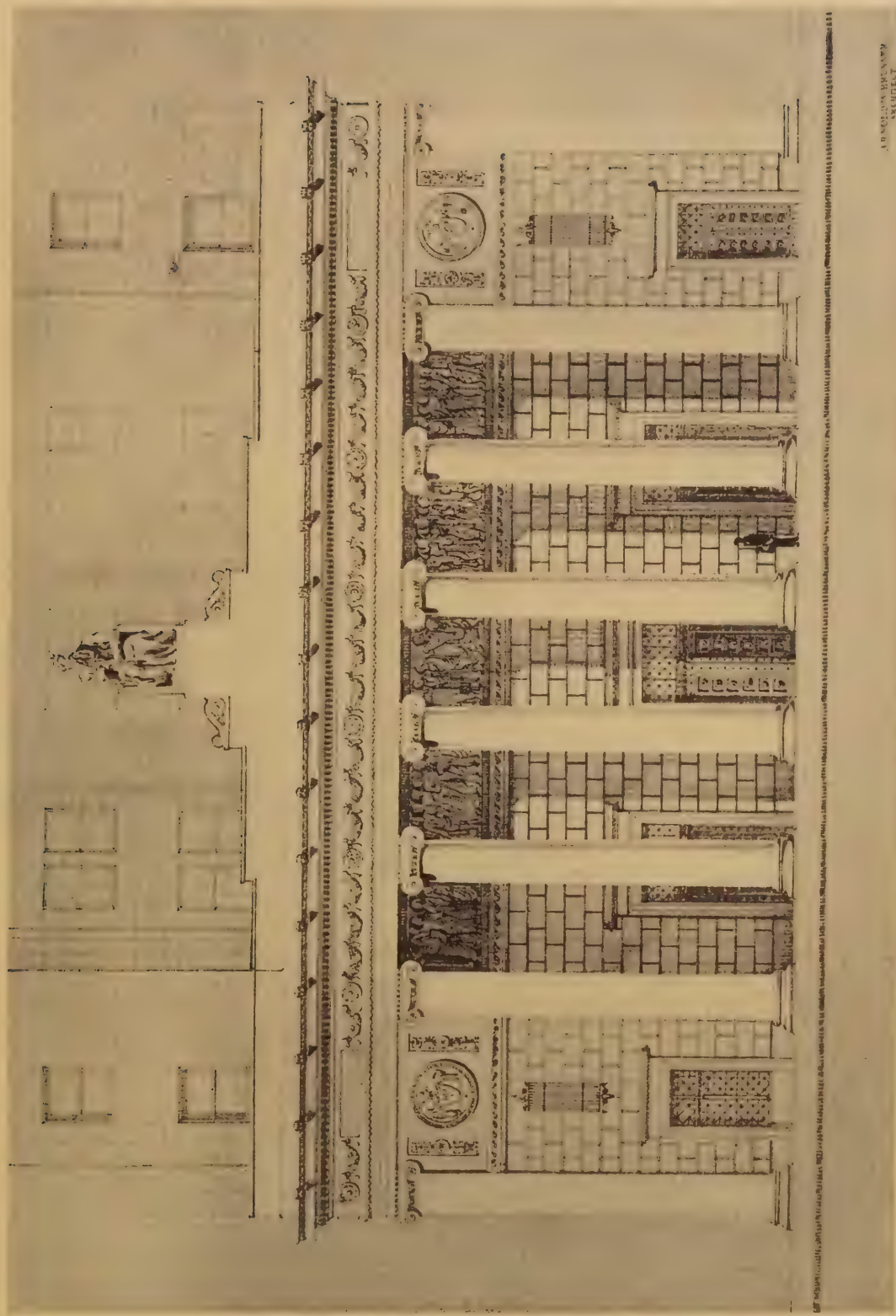
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WASHINGTON, D. C.
STUDY FOR THE MAIN STAIRCASE AND ROTUNDA



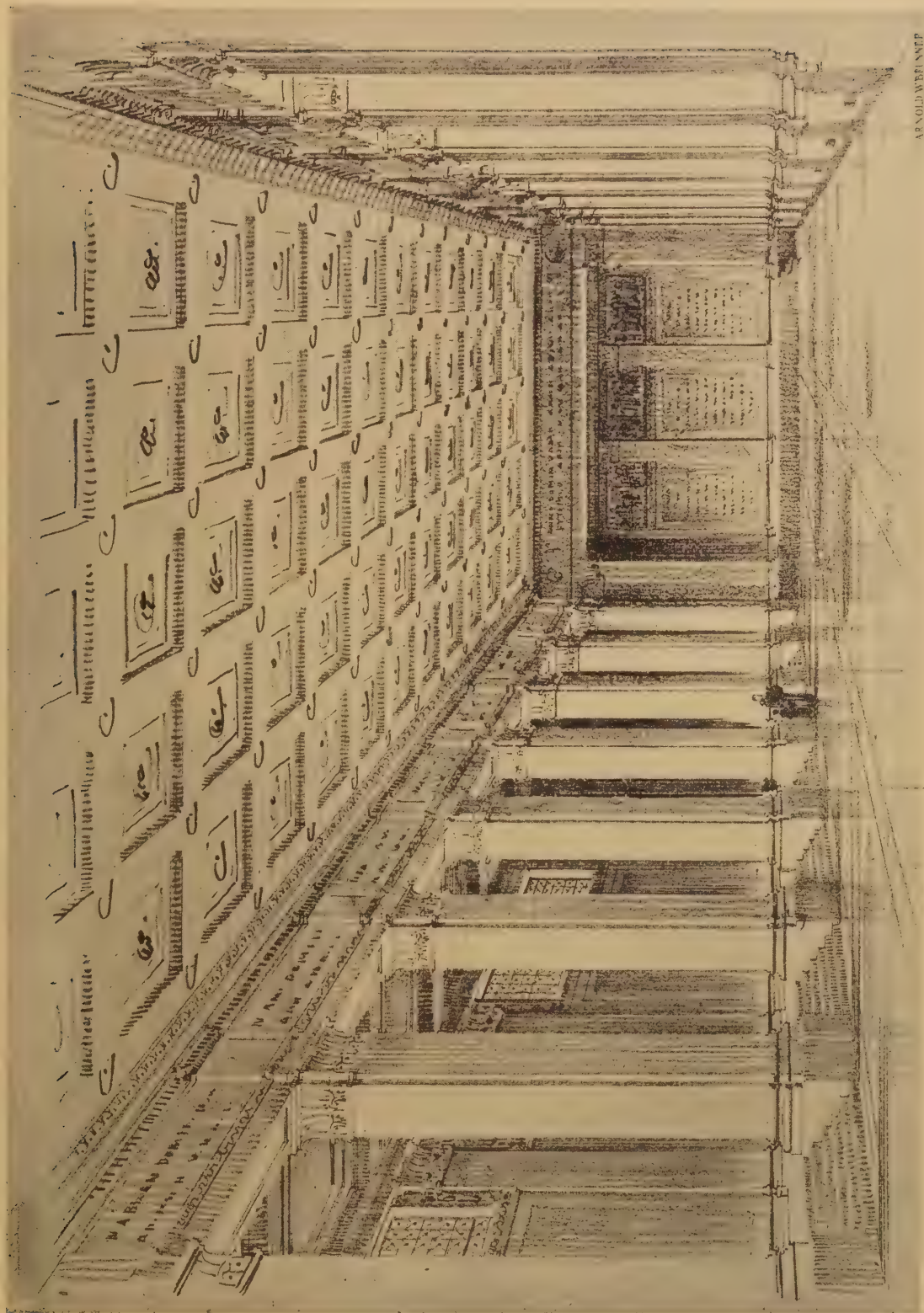
PROPOSED BUILDING FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR



PROPOSED TOWERS—BRIDGE
TOLEDO, OHIO



STUDY FOR A MEMORIAL BUILDING



ARNDT & SONS
NEW YORK

STUDY FOR A MEMORIAL BUILDING



ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

A STUDY FOR MAIN STREET LOOKING TOWARD THE CITY HALL



UNITED STATES POST OFFICE, CUSTOMS HOUSE AND COURT HOUSE
CLEVELAND, OHIO



UNITED STATES POST OFFICE, CUSTOMS HOUSE AND COURT HOUSE
CLEVELAND, OHIO
DANIEL C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR



UNITED STATES POST OFFICE, CUSTOMS HOUSE AND COURT HOUSE
CLEVELAND, OHIO
DANIEL C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR



UNITED STATES POST OFFICE, CUSTOMS HOUSE AND COURT HOUSE, MAIN LOBBY
CLEVELAND, OHIO



UNITED STATES POST OFFICE, CUSTOMS HOUSE AND COURT HOUSE
CLEVELAND, OHIO
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM, PAINTER



UNITED STATES POST OFFICE, CUSTOMS HOUSE AND COURT HOUSE
CLEVELAND, OHIO
EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD, PAINTER



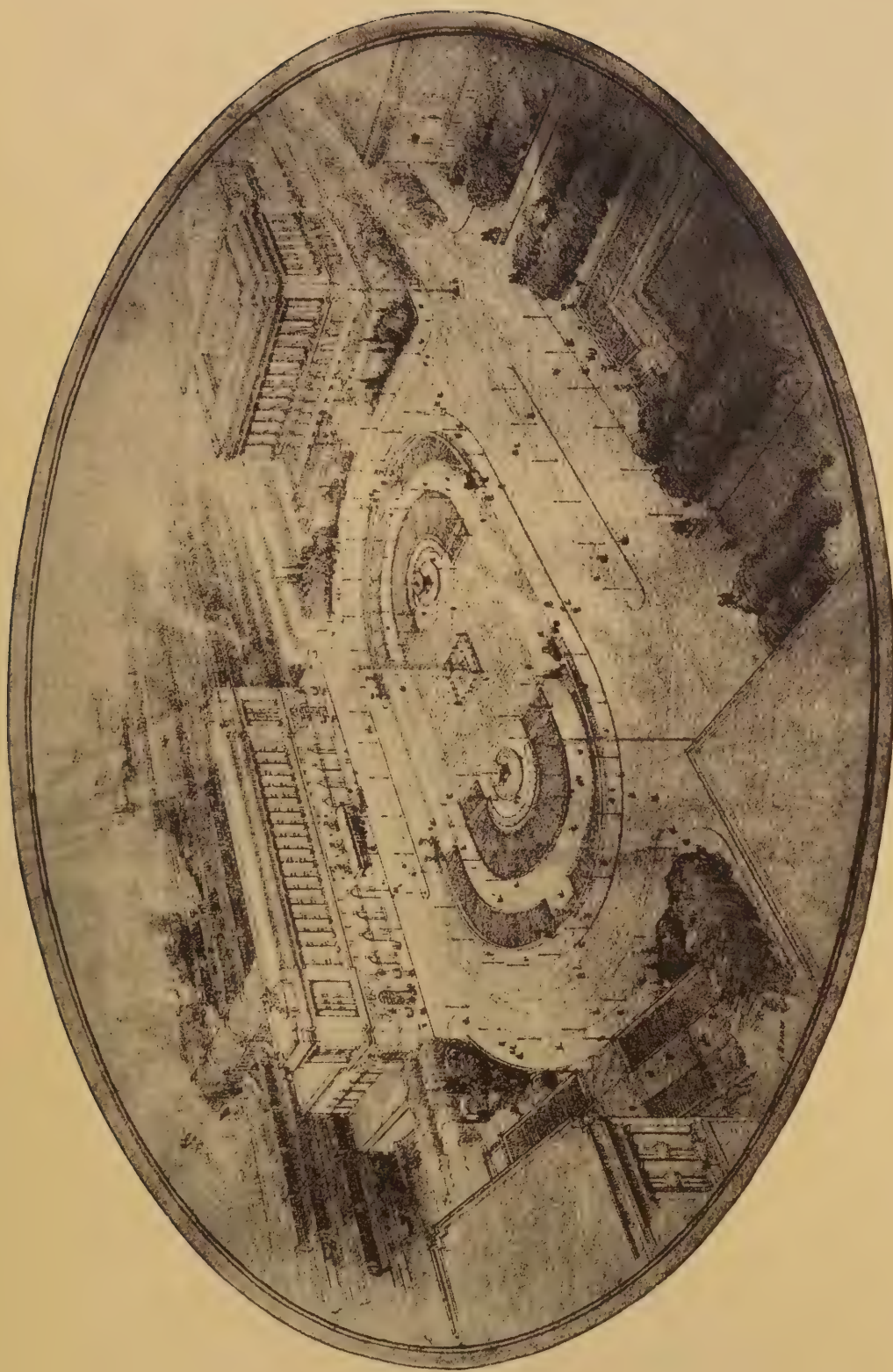
UNITED STATES POST OFFICE, CUSTOMS HOUSE AND COURT HOUSE
CLEVELAND, OHIO
H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY, PAINTER



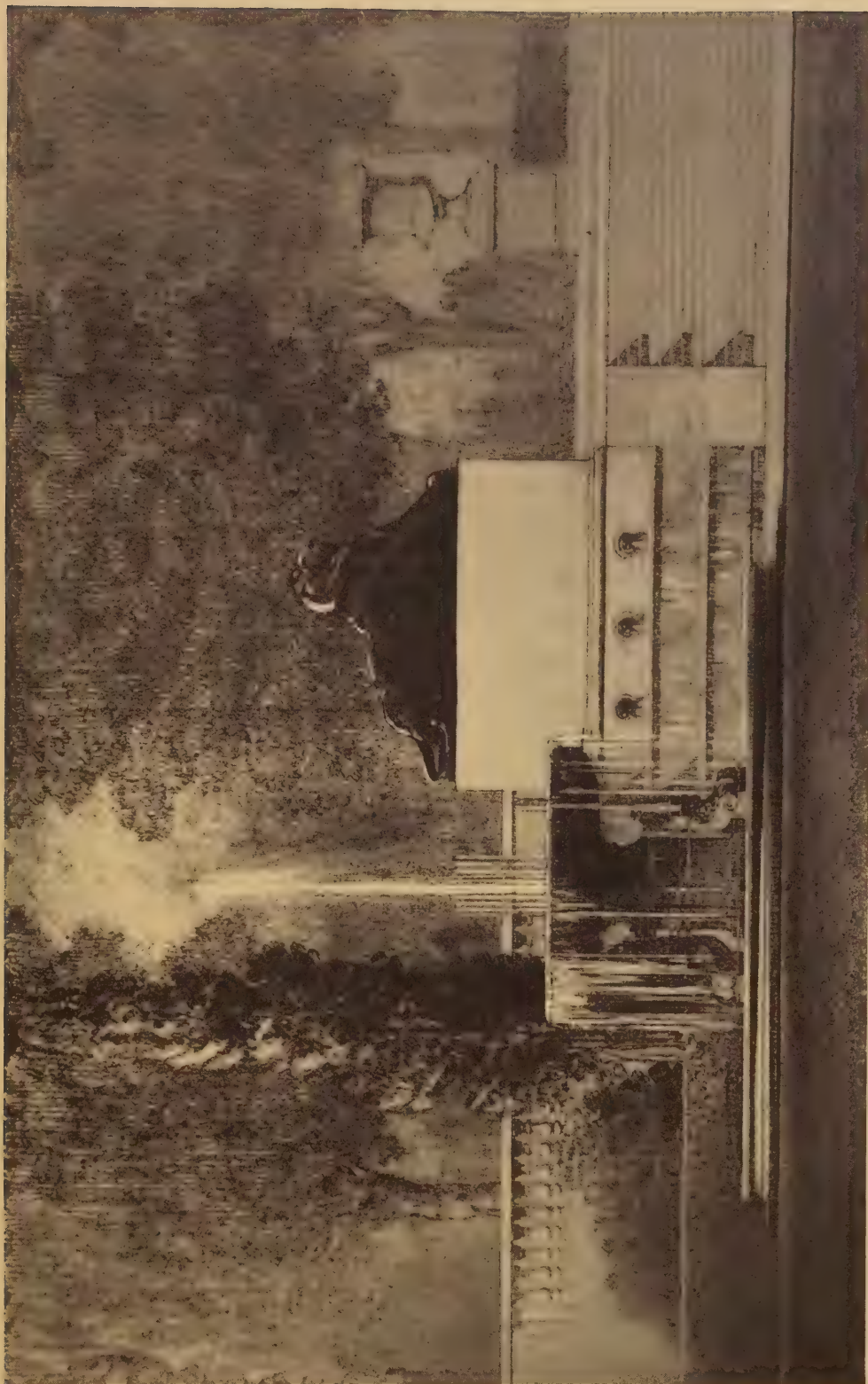
UNITED STATES POST OFFICE, CUSTOMS HOUSE AND COURT HOUSE
CLEVELAND, OHIO
WILL H. LOW, PAINTER



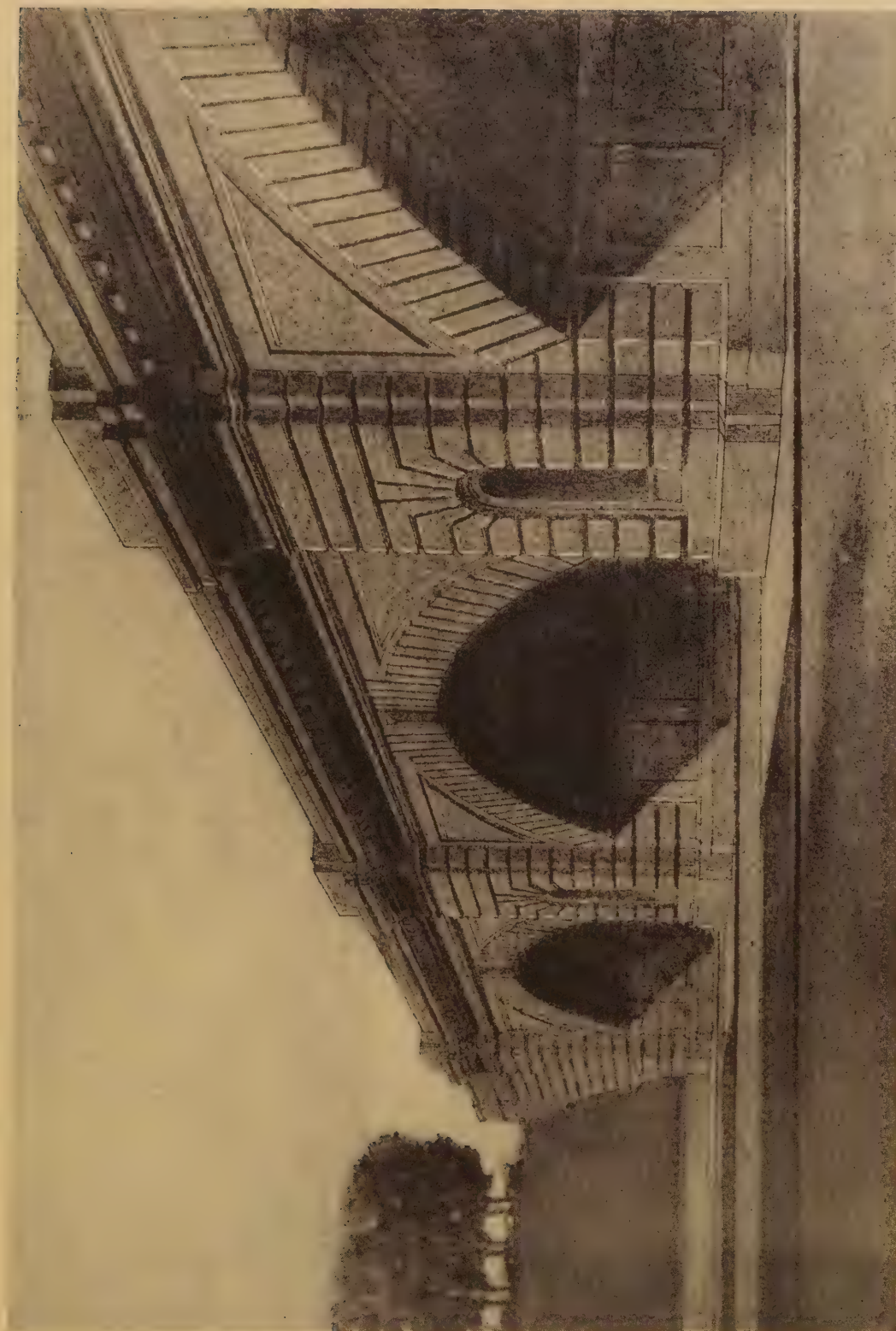
UNITED STATES POST OFFICE, CUSTOMS HOUSE AND COURT HOUSE
CLEVELAND, OHIO
FREDERIC CROWNSHIELD, PAINTER



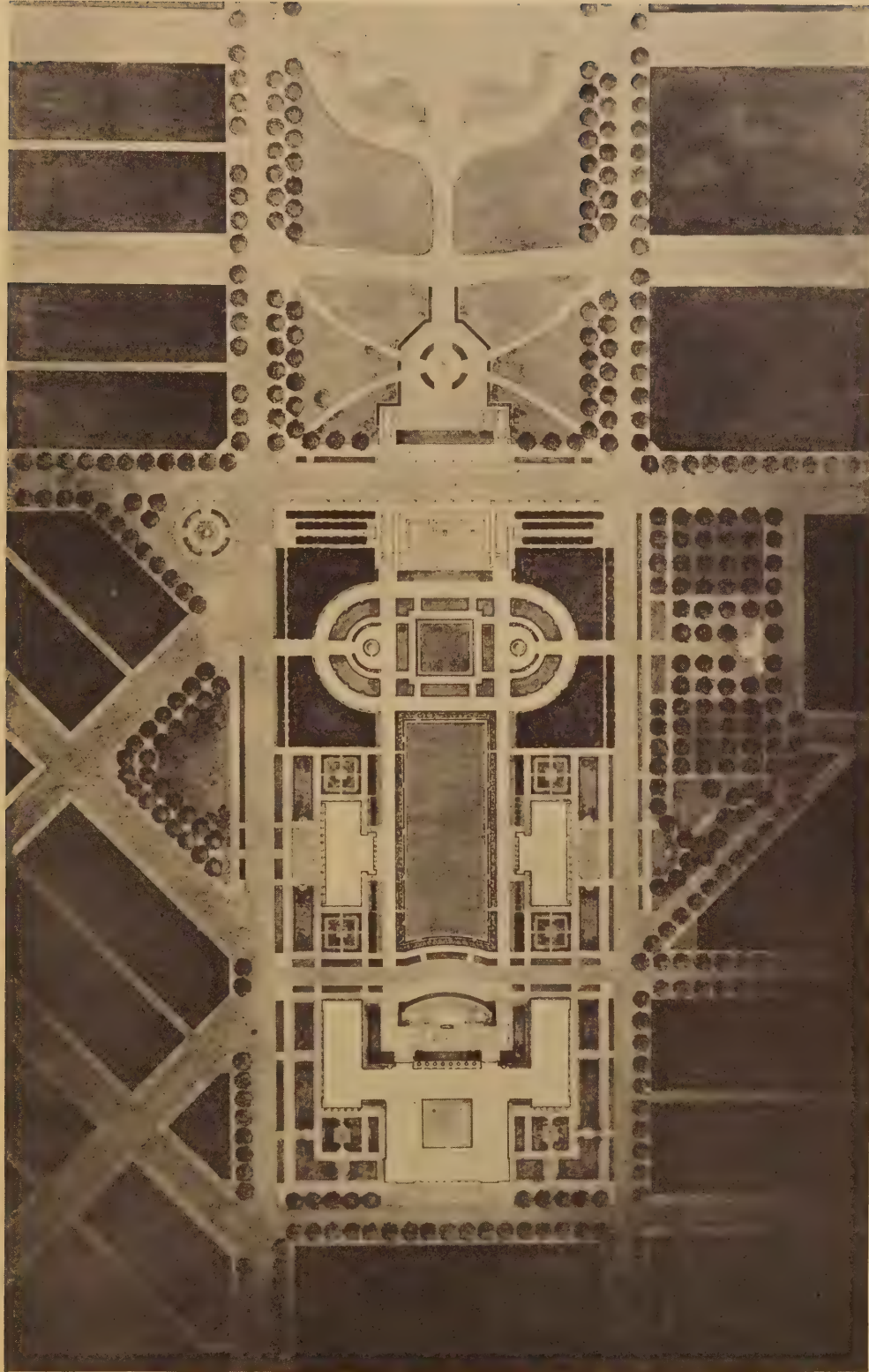
CLEVELAND, OHIO — PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER
PERSPECTIVE



CLEVELAND, OHIO — PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER
STUDY IN DETAIL



BRIDGE FOR THE NEW YORK CONNECTING RAILROAD
QUEENS BOULEVARD, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK



DENVER, COLORADO
PLAN OF PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER



DENISON UNIVERSITY, GRANVILLE, OHIO
 MEN'S DORMITORY GROUP—GENERAL PLAN



DENISON UNIVERSITY, GRANVILLE, OHIO
SWASEY CHAPEL

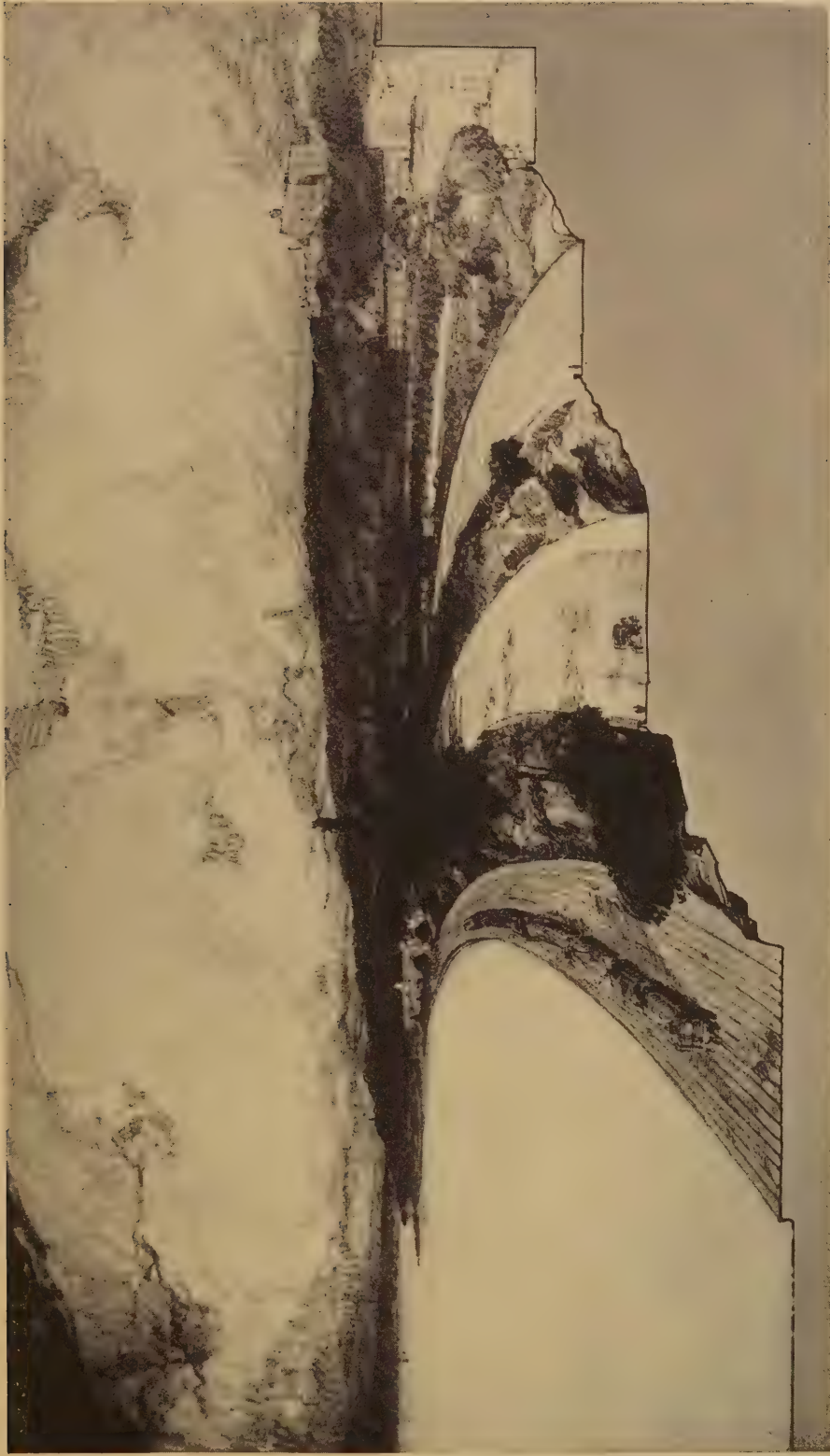


Amosell-Bruce in Art. 1891

DENISON UNIVERSITY, GRANVILLE, OHIO
GENERAL VIEW FROM MAIN APPROACH



RIVERSIDE DRIVE EXTENSION
NEW YORK CITY
STUDY FOR TREATMENT AT INSPIRATION POINT



RIVERSIDE DRIVE EXTENSION
NEW YORK CITY
CROSS SECTION SOUTH OF 161ST STREET



LEWISOHN STADIUM
COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



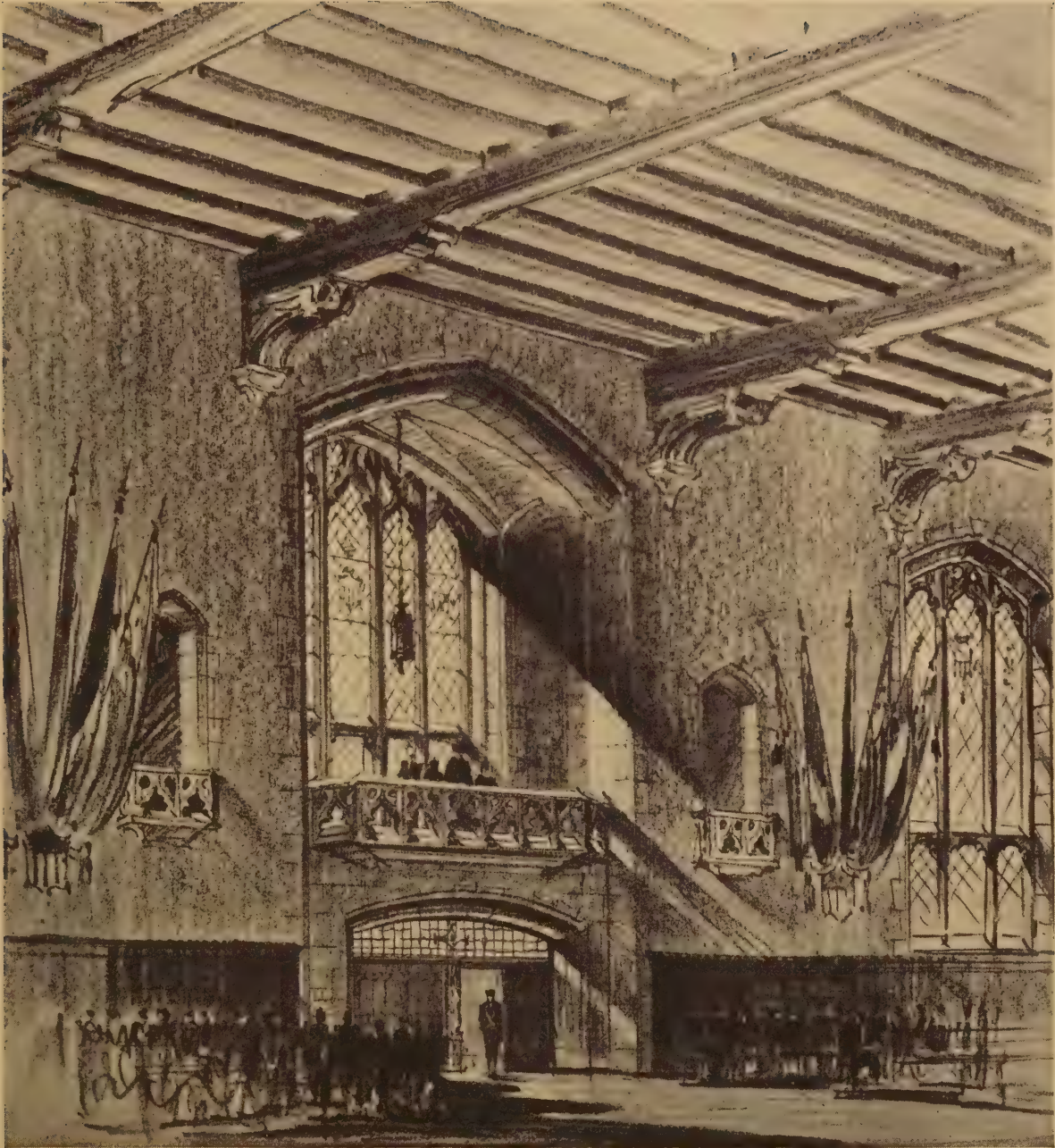
LEWISOHN STADIUM
COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



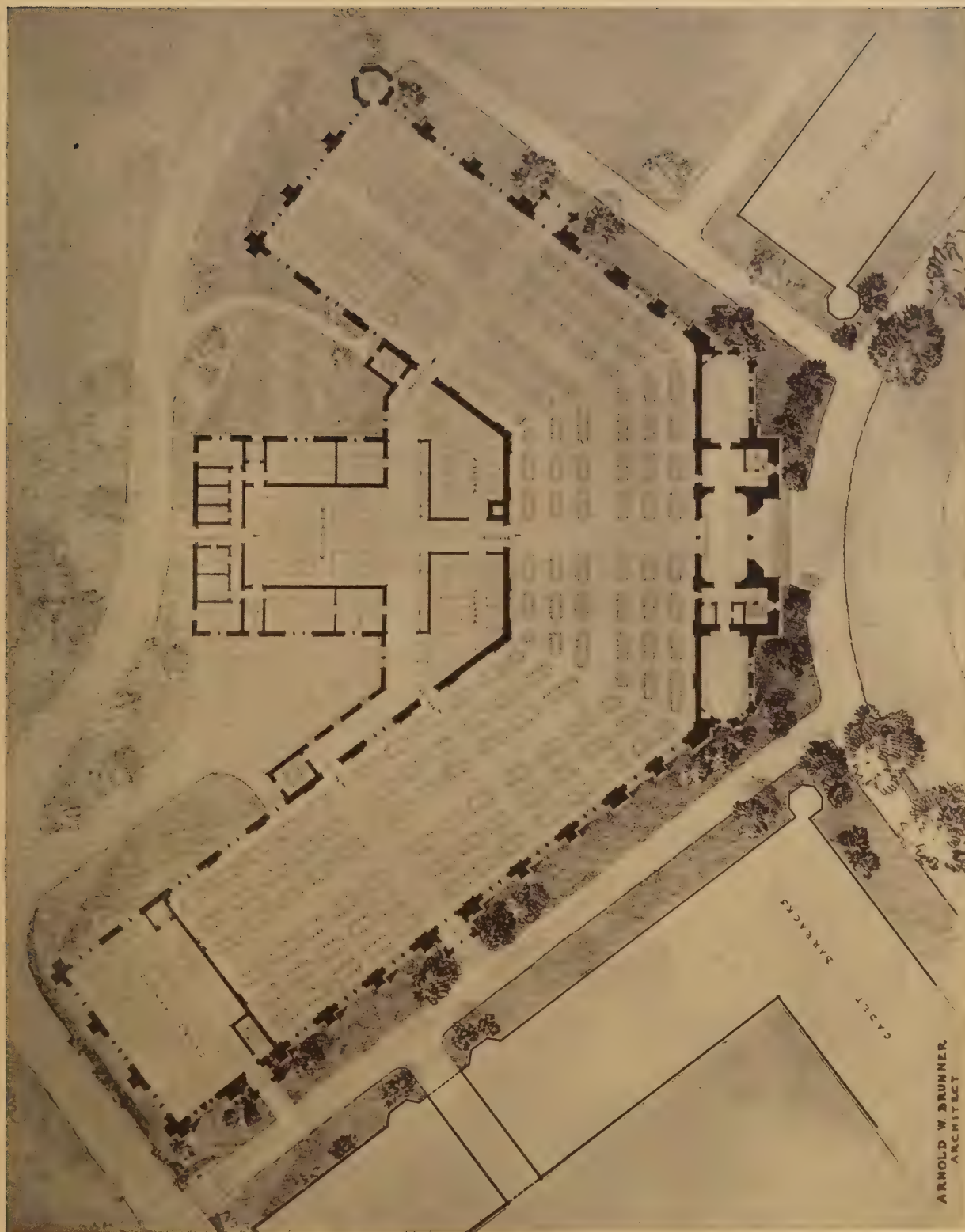
LEWISOHN STADIUM
COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
VISIT OF THE ITALIAN DELEGATION DURING THE GREAT WAR



STUDY, CADET MESS HALL
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY
WEST POINT, NEW YORK



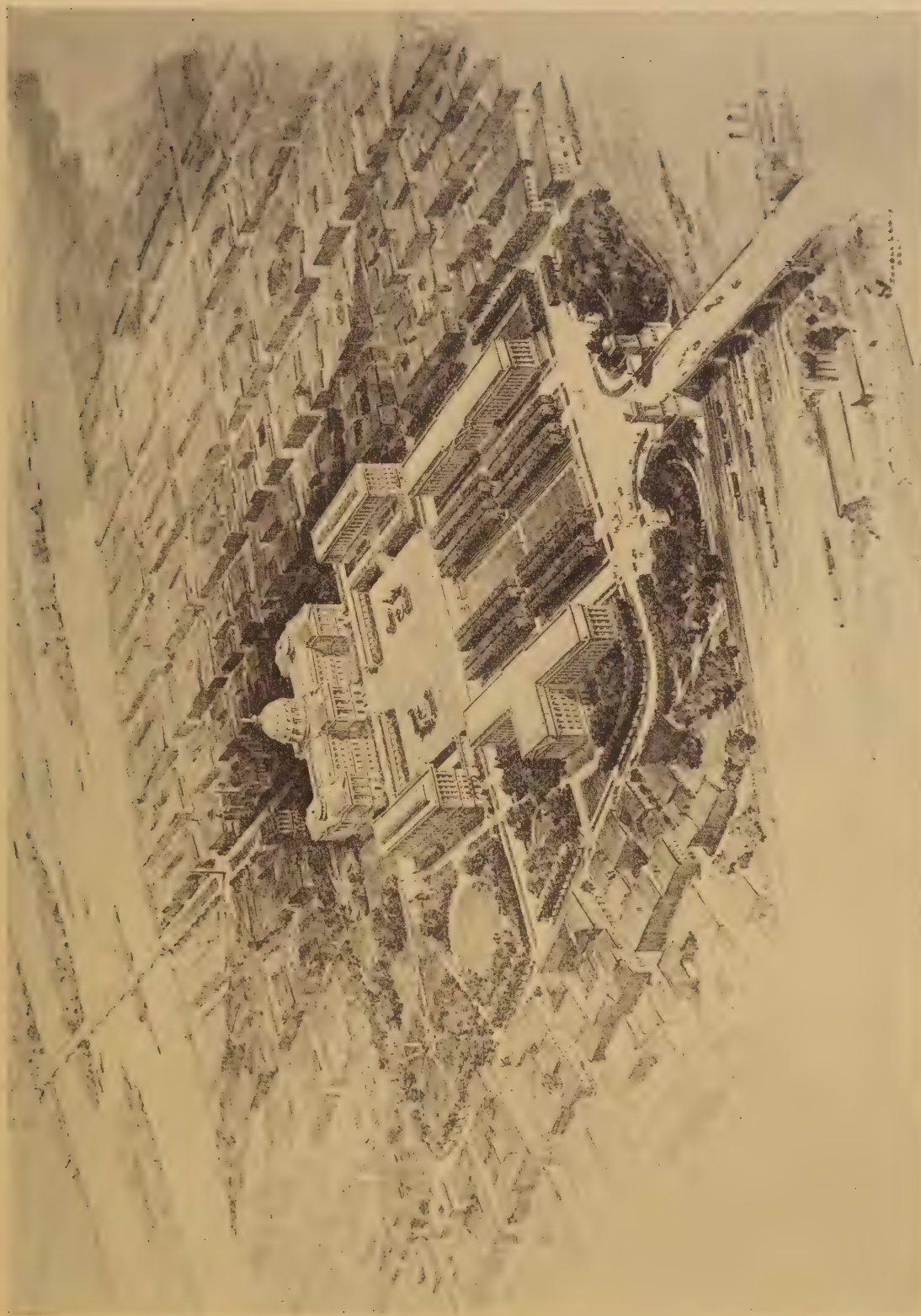
STUDY, CADET MESS HALL
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY
WEST POINT, NEW YORK



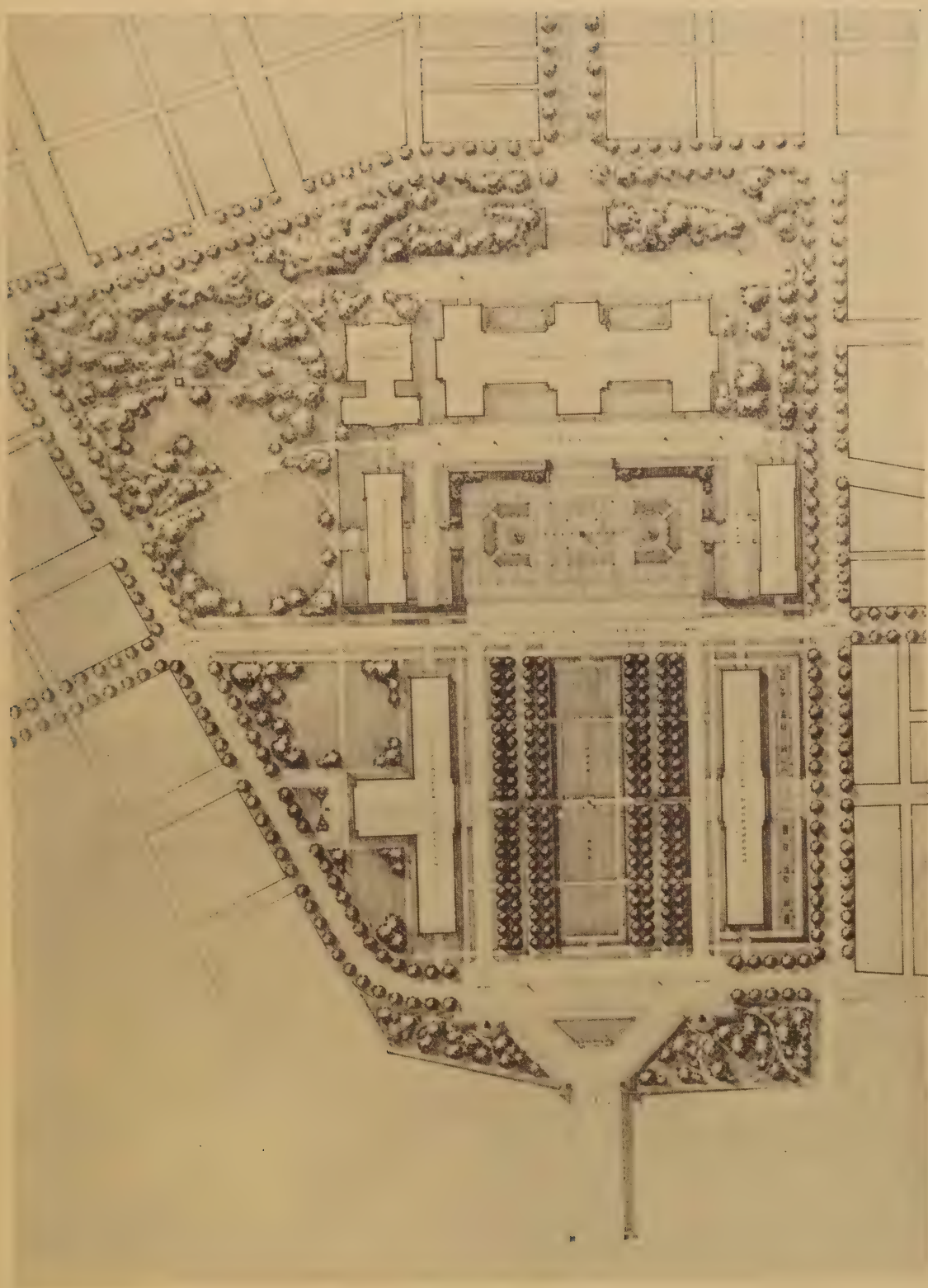
PLAN, CADET MESS HALL
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY
WEST POINT, NEW YORK



STUDY, CADET HOSPITAL
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY
WEST POINT, NEW YORK



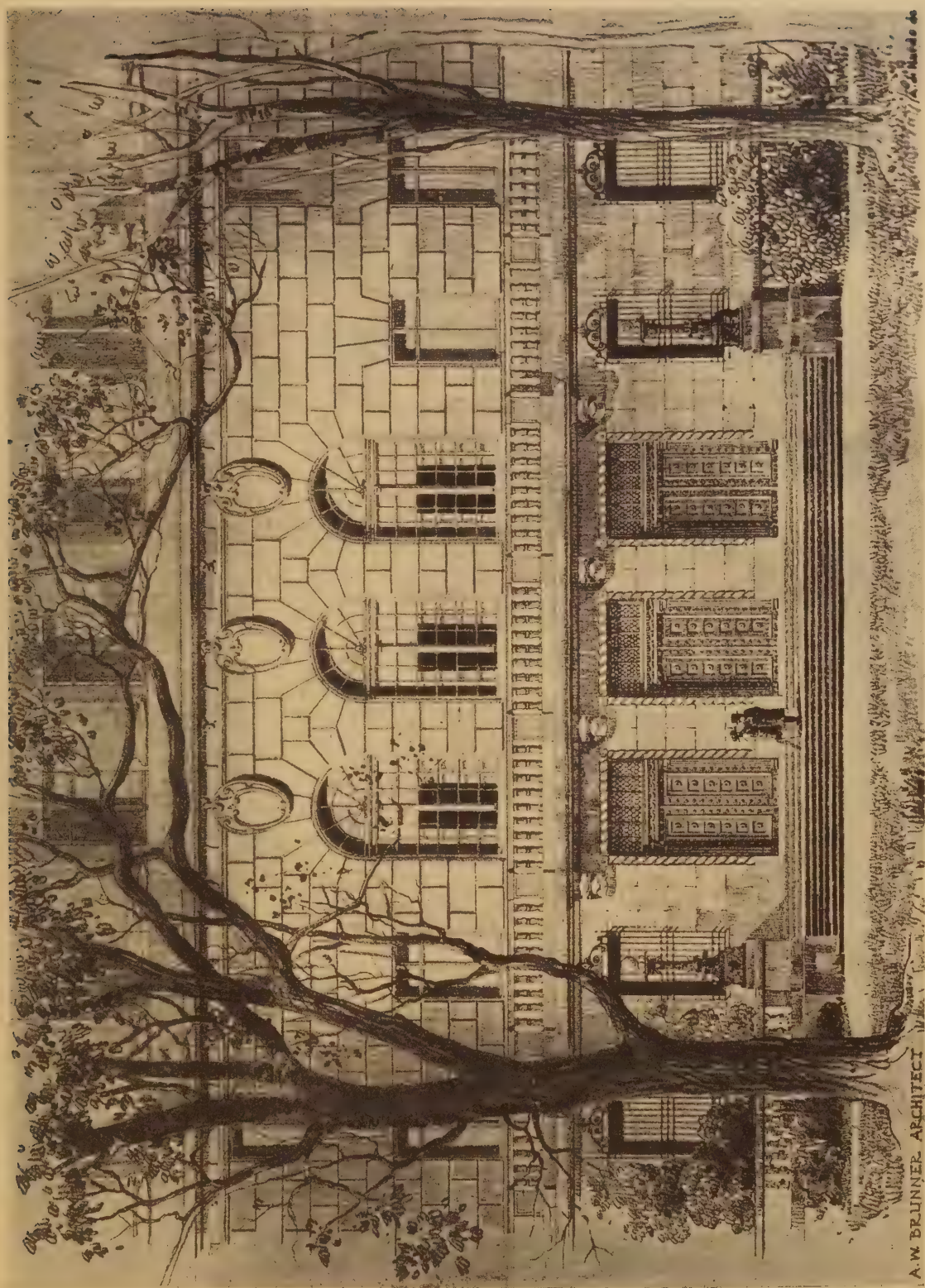
CAPITOL PARK—GENERAL VIEW
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



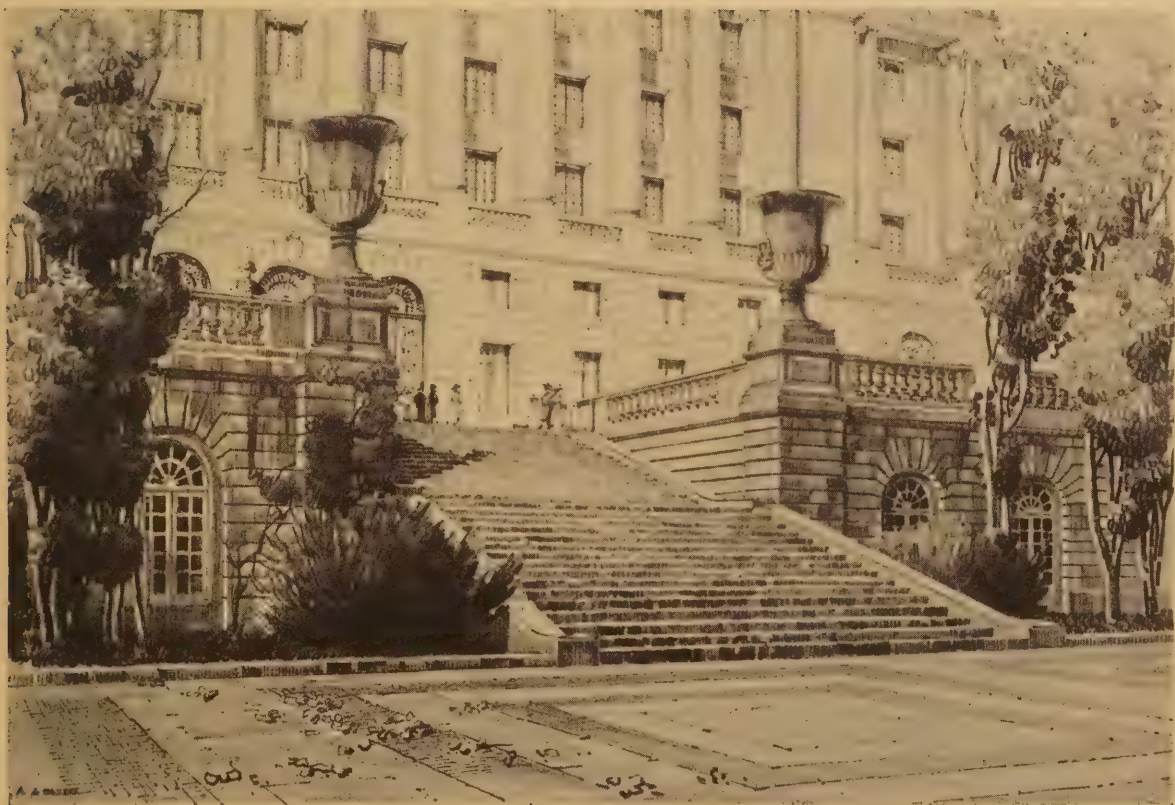
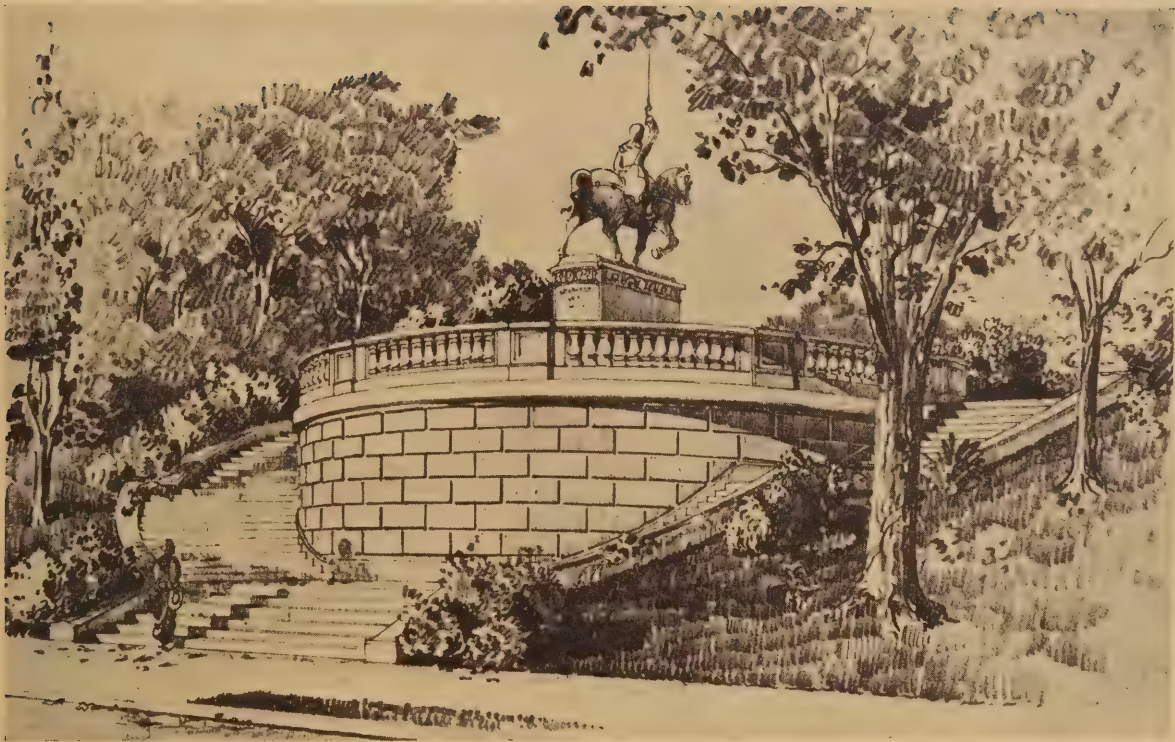
CAPITOL PARK GROUP PLAN
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



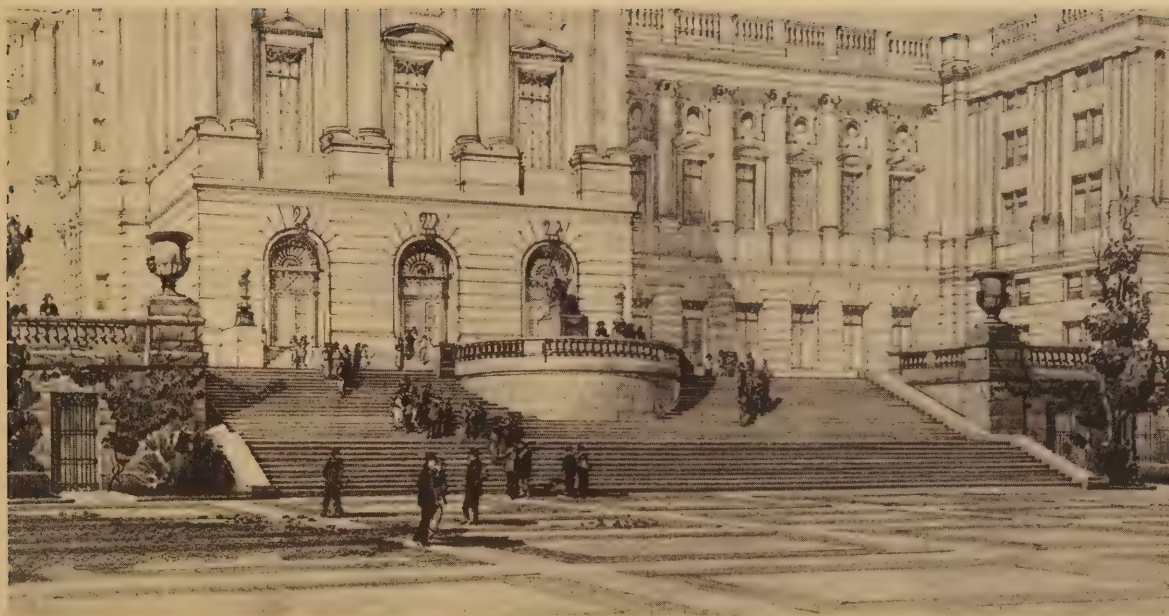
SOUTH OFFICE BUILDING, CAPITOL PARK
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



CAPITOL PARK, SOUTH ENTRANCE, SOUTH OFFICE BUILDING
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



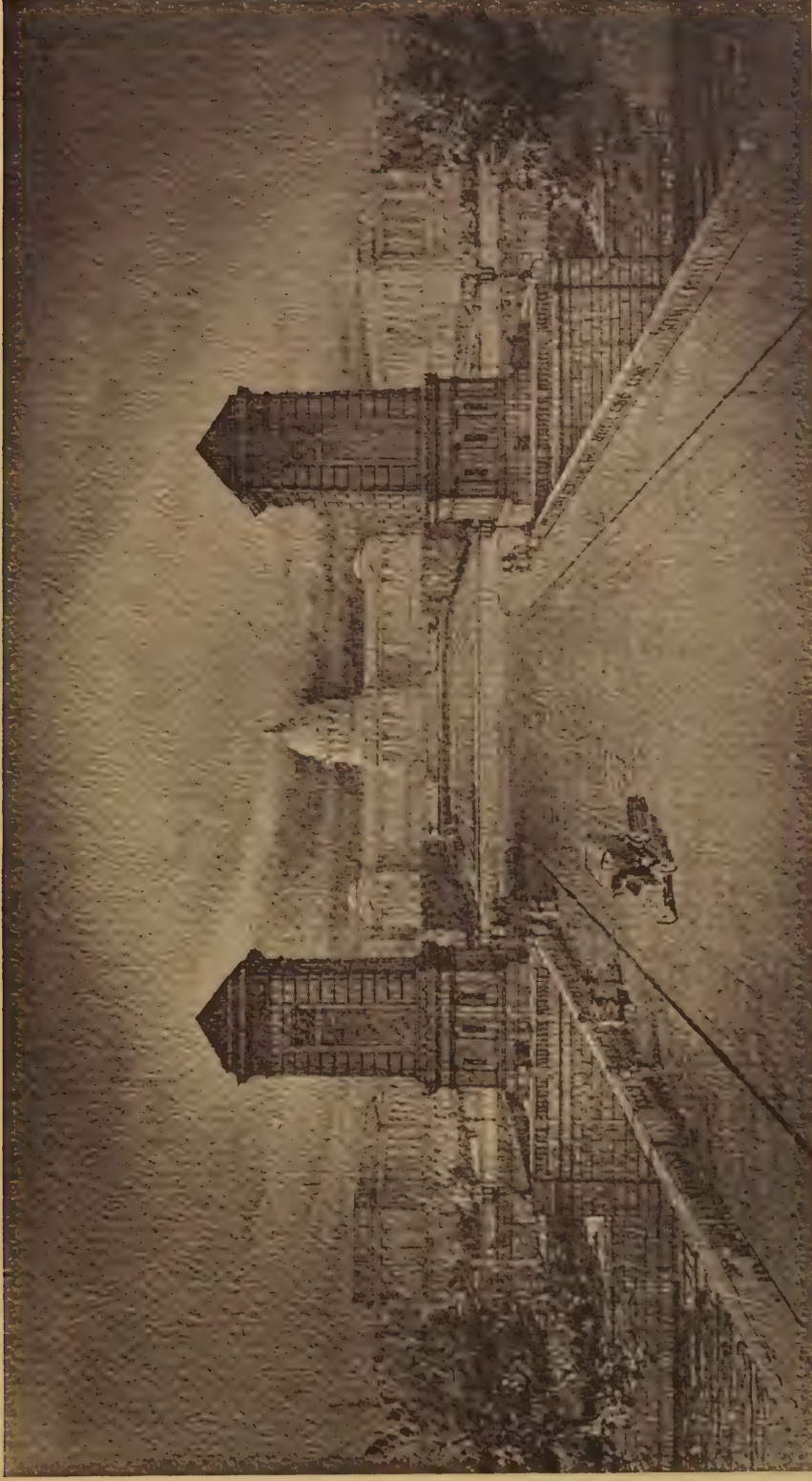
CAPITOL PARK, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
 STUDY FOR END OF TERRACE IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL (TOP)
 PERSPECTIVE OF TERRACE AND SOUTH OFFICE BUILDING



CAPITOL PARK, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
 MAIN STEPS FROM FORE COURT, SOUTHEAST ENTRANCE (TOP)
 STUDY FOR FOUNTAIN



SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MEMORIAL BRIDGE — MODEL
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

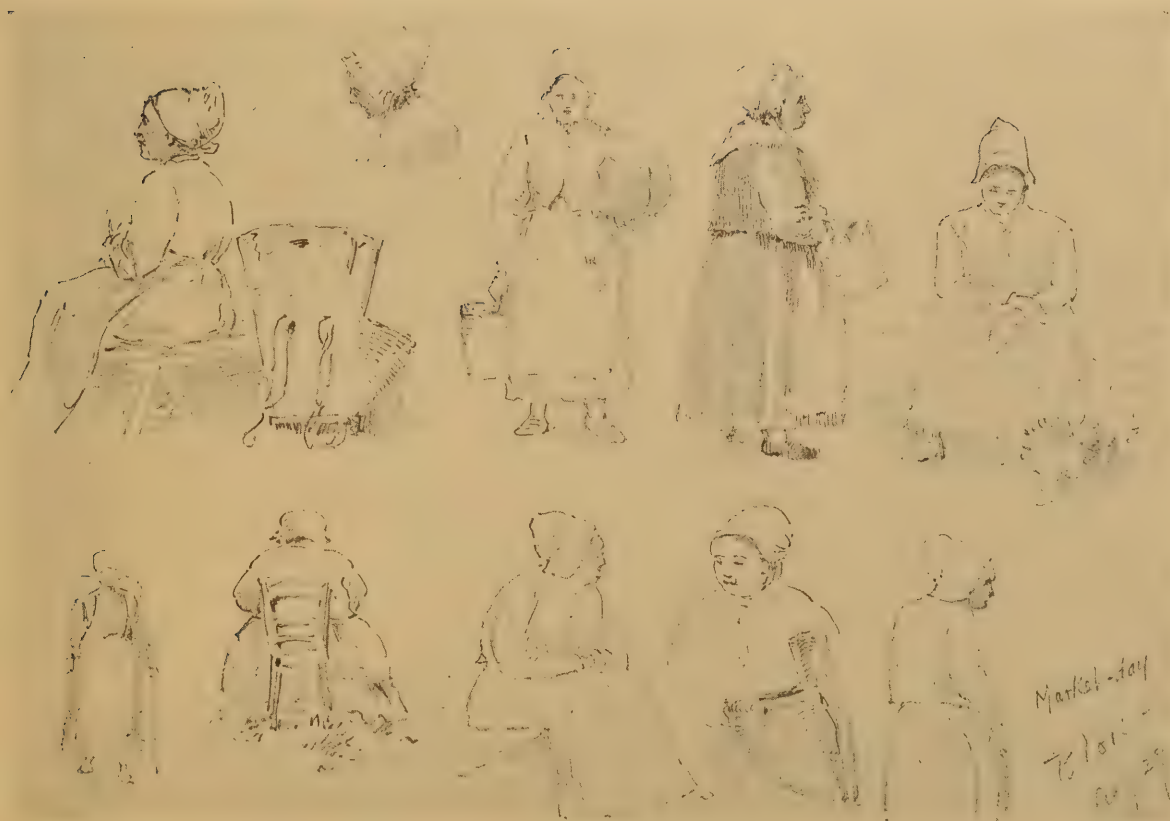


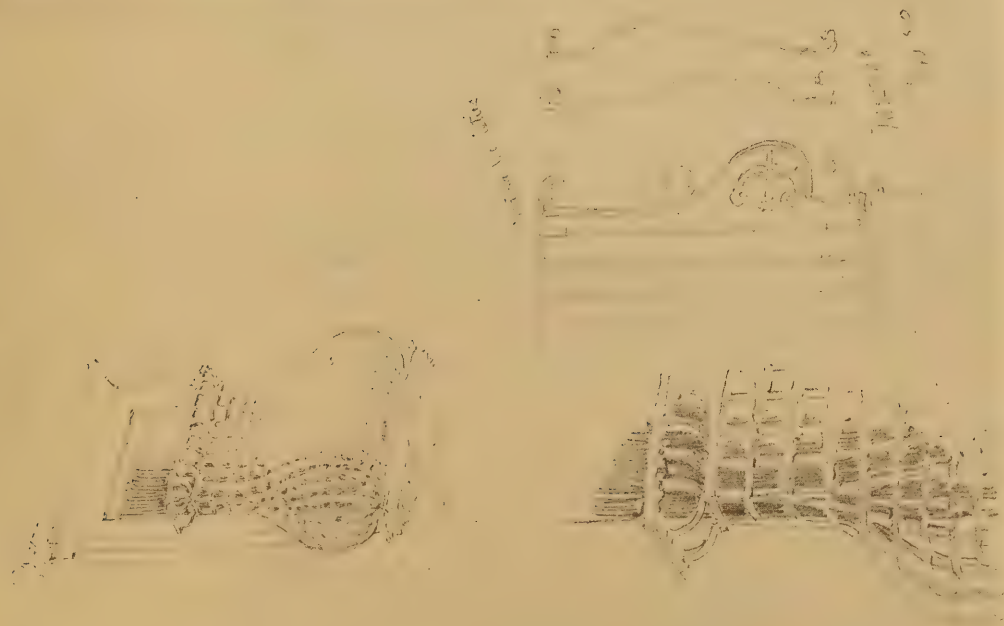
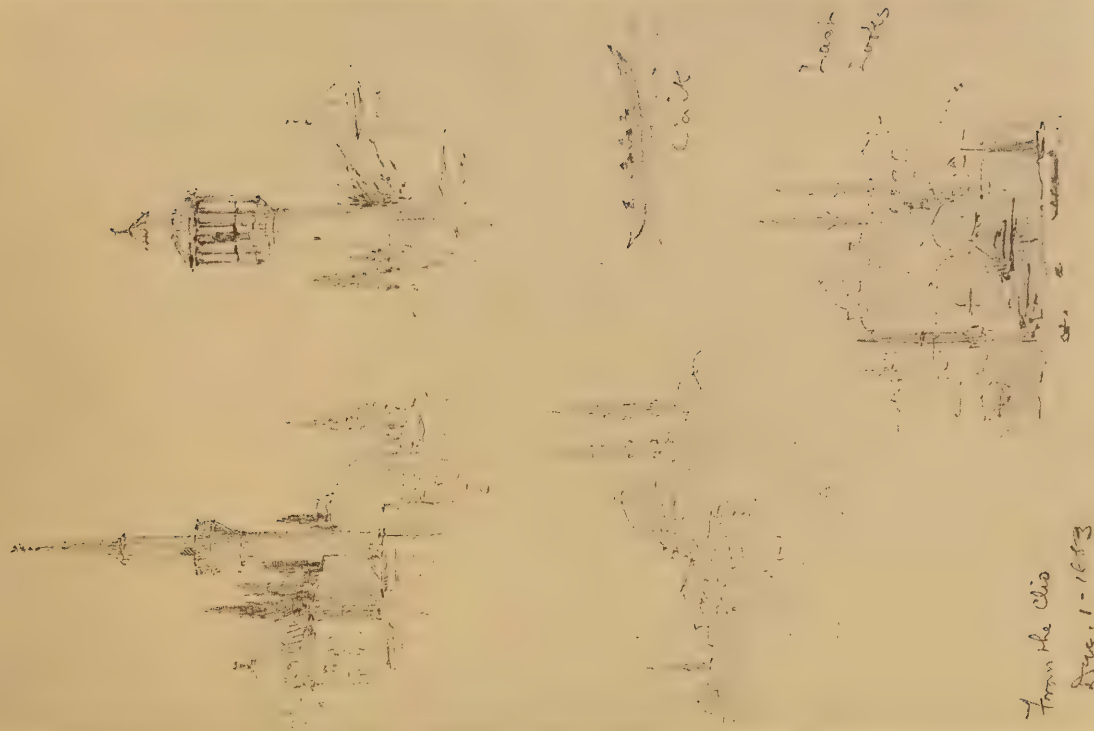
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MEMORIAL BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CAPITOL
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MEMORIAL BRIDGE
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

PAGES FROM MR. BRUNNER'S
NOTE BOOKS









Al-p...



Marseille
at the market
July 6, 1903



The old houses in these places are just knocked to-gether, plaster rubbed over everything, and it's a wonder to me how they stand. But they don't have our joints over here - or these picturesque old rookeries would be nowhere.



It is a great temptation to stop and sketch some of them, but we must refrain. We arrived today about three o'clock

and we leave tomorrow morning - so you see we do not waste much time. There is a cathedral here - but nothing very remarkable. We went inside and looked



to town for the occasion. I could
not get at the priests to sketch them
but this old fellow posed like a
brick, and will probably have
his reward in the next world,
for his attention to the service,
I mean. This other old gentleman
did not seem so much impressed
and was probably
a skeptic.

I am tempted to say something
about the Baths of Caracalla, the
Appian Way - the gardens at the
Pincian Hill and ever so many
things we have seen, but I will
let you off for tonight. — I got your welcome

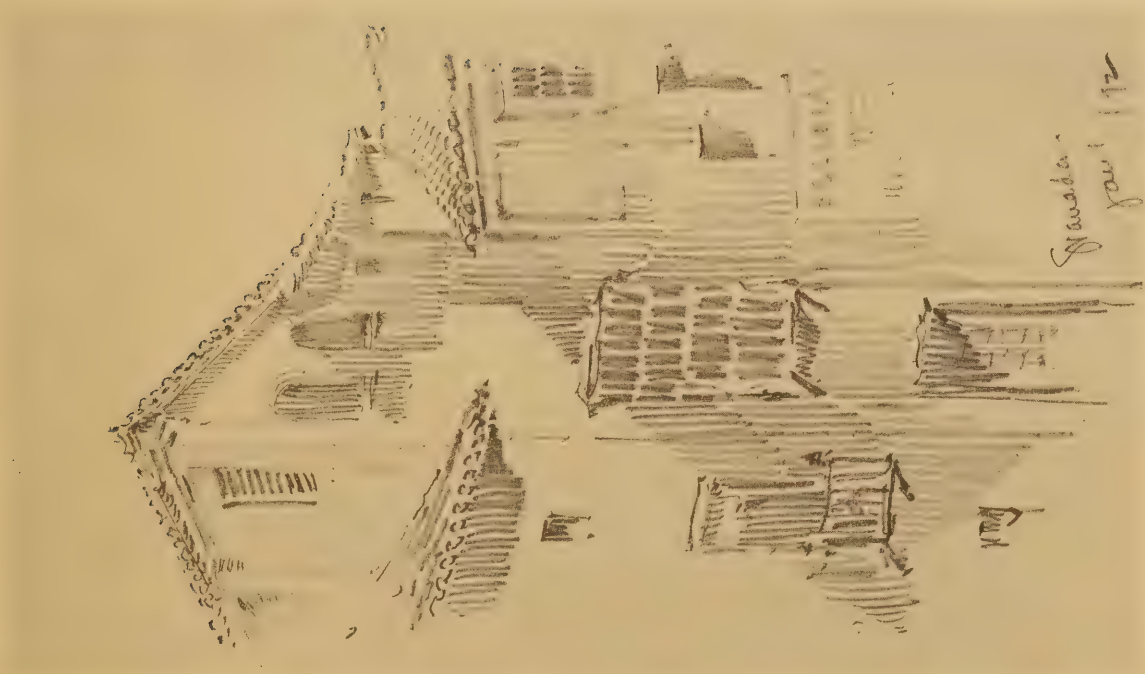




On the Bosphorus

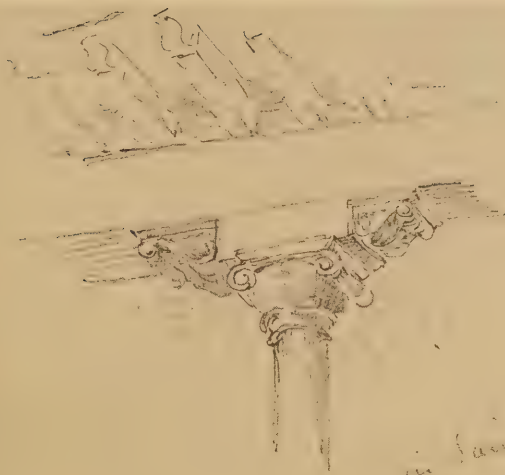


San Blas de
San Blas

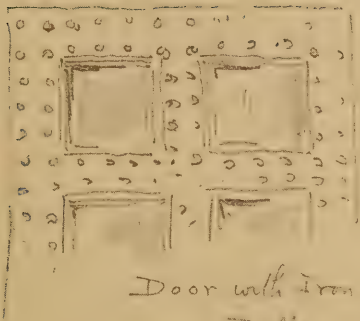


San Blas de
San Blas

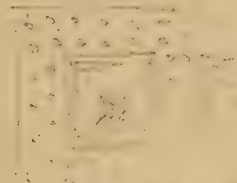




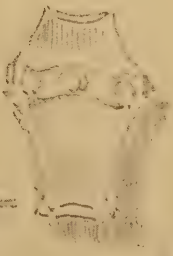
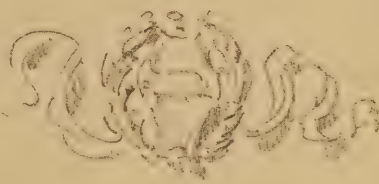
in Saint. Vesp. 0



Door with Iron Bolts.



Brass bolts & keys on panel.



on Striggi Palace



Florence Oct 21



Reminiscence of Blois.

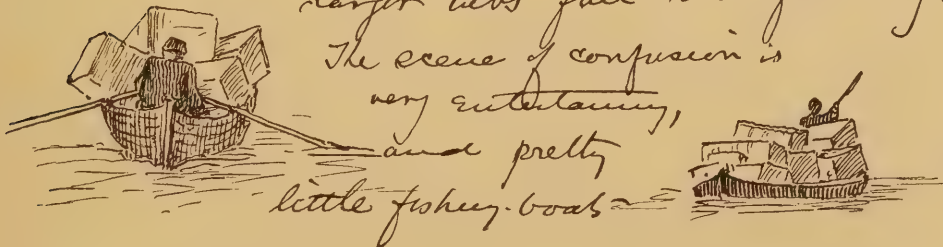
(1)
Orleans Aug 30th/13
Hotel du Loiret

My dear Parents,

but that's all. The less said about
the villas themselves the better.



transferred by small boats. So this is the
sort of thing you see all around, besides
larger tubs full to overflowing.



The scene of confusion is
very entertaining,
and pretty
little fishing-boats.



dipper without a handle. Like this.

But then this is a Reform Turk,
who goes to a cafe chantant, The
Orthodox ones who go to the

Mosques still dress in the
fine old fashion. This old gentleman

down here, had on a turban - the center of which was
red - the cloth around, green. His big gown was brown

with a black collar - but he had
a blue embroidered vest, and
rich colored girdle and wasn't
he fine! As for the women, their



costume is not graceful. They look
like bags
of colored silk, and the
veils, although pretty thin,
do look a little like this.



Our hotel was pleasant
enough. We made the acquaintance then



Each old Turk had his own carpet and ^{seen} from me of the galleries they looked like this - There were three preachers - Professors our

guide called them - in a pulpit about the size of Vanderbilts house; they were expounding the Koran. The audience seemed affected, and when we first came in down stairs - they were in the above attitude, but bobbed up serenely every few minutes, not much the worse for wear.

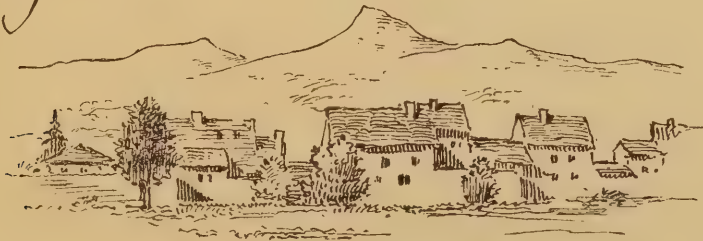


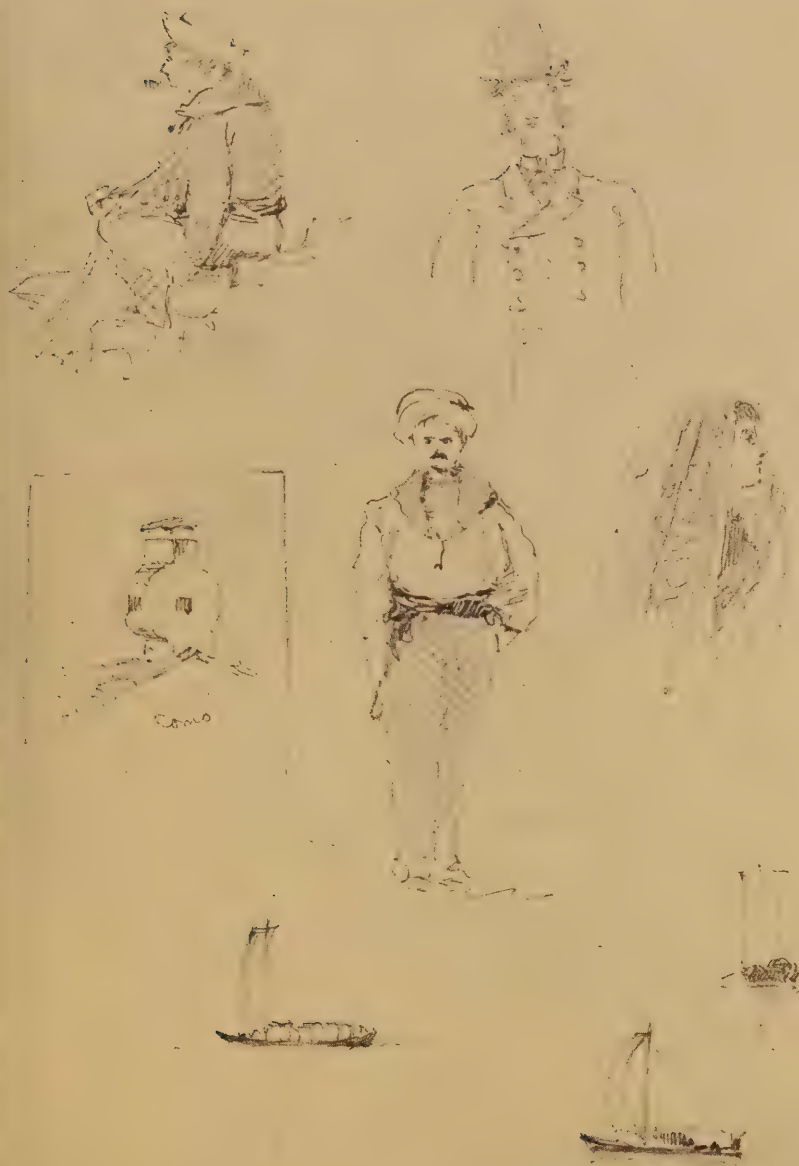
This was a favorite attitude, and when you saw a bundle of drygoods like this → you know it was a Mrs. Turk.



Little boys were reading the Koran in different

itself looked brilliant in the distance and is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery.



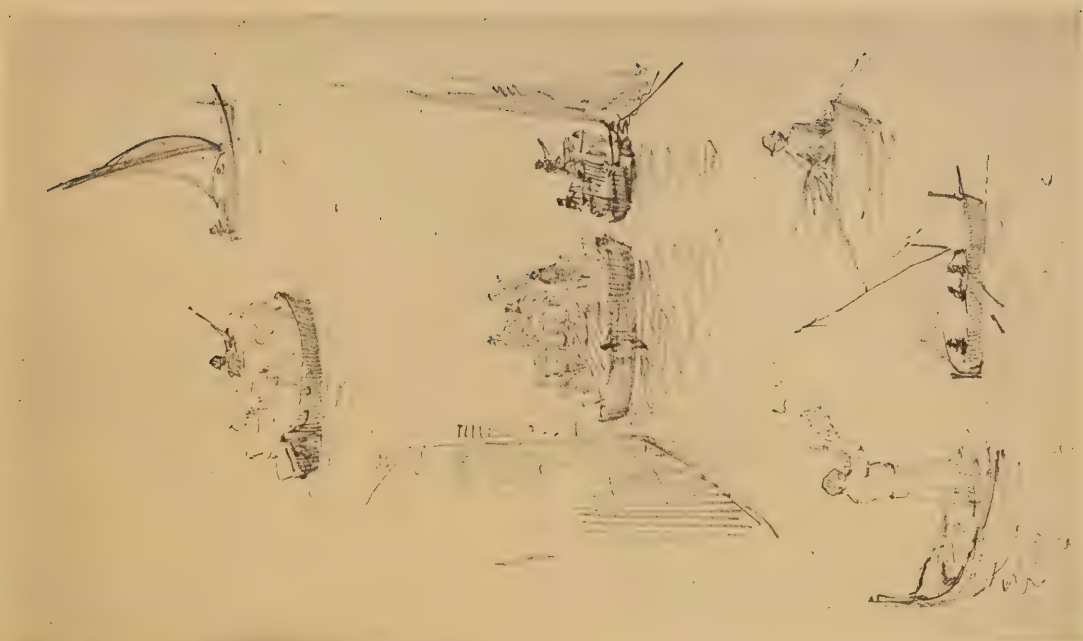


Lago Como Sept. 27



777 1st
C. W. C. C. C.

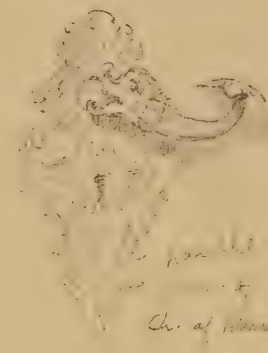
Sept 30



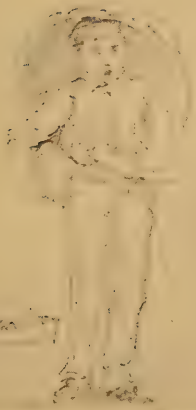
In St. Peter's
All Saints Day
Nov. 1



Mans.
1866



Ch. of St. Mary



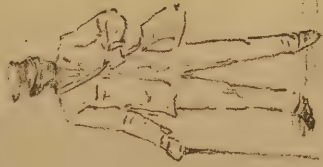
7/2 1866

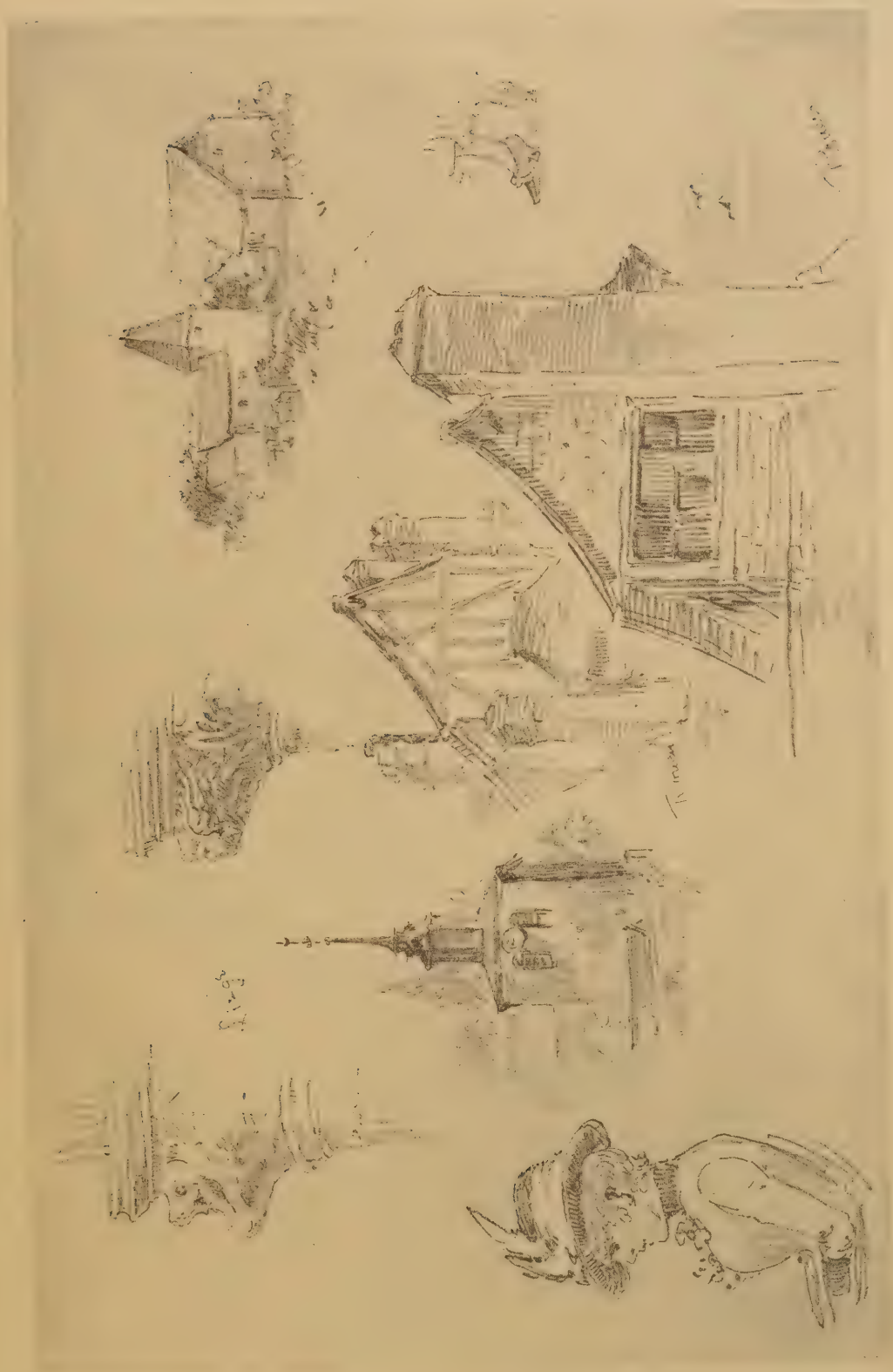


St. Mary's à la Moyenne

Blois. Aug 29

Morning Loaf.





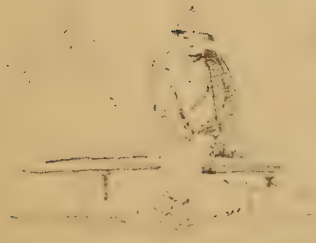
1101
L. 1101





Bois. Aug. 1885

Silene dioica L. Nutt.



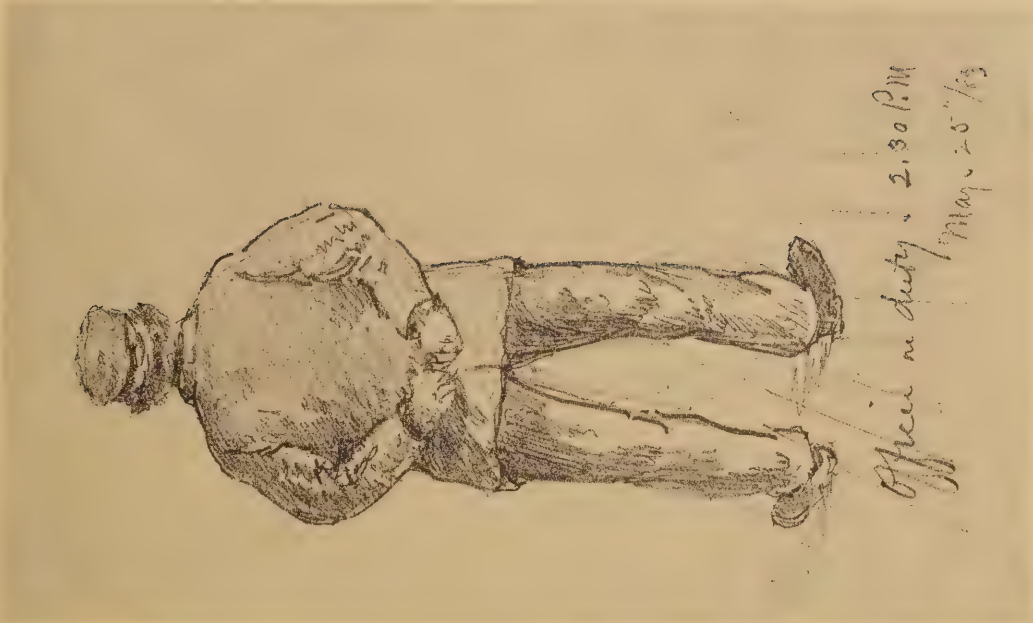
2. Sept. 27



Belagio.
Sept. 27

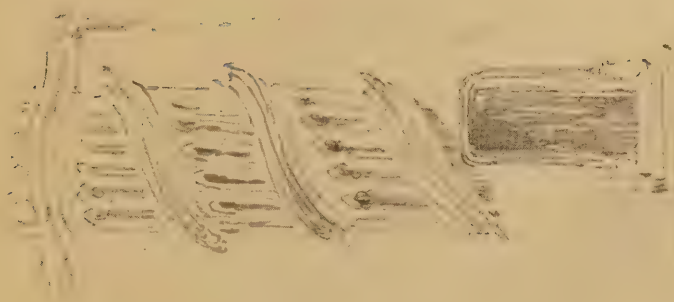
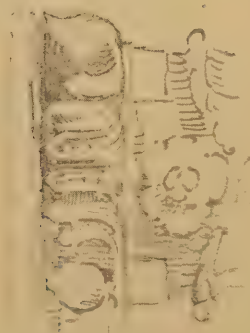
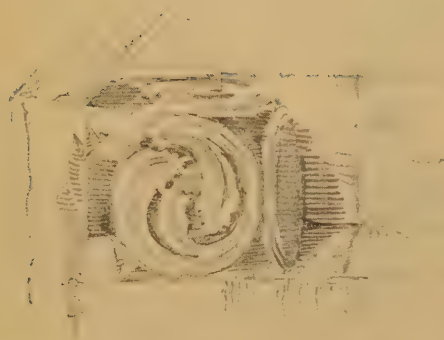


Lago Como.



Officer on duty - 2.30 P.M.
May 25/13





Gr. Capital



Ar. Capital



Novers - Sept. 7.



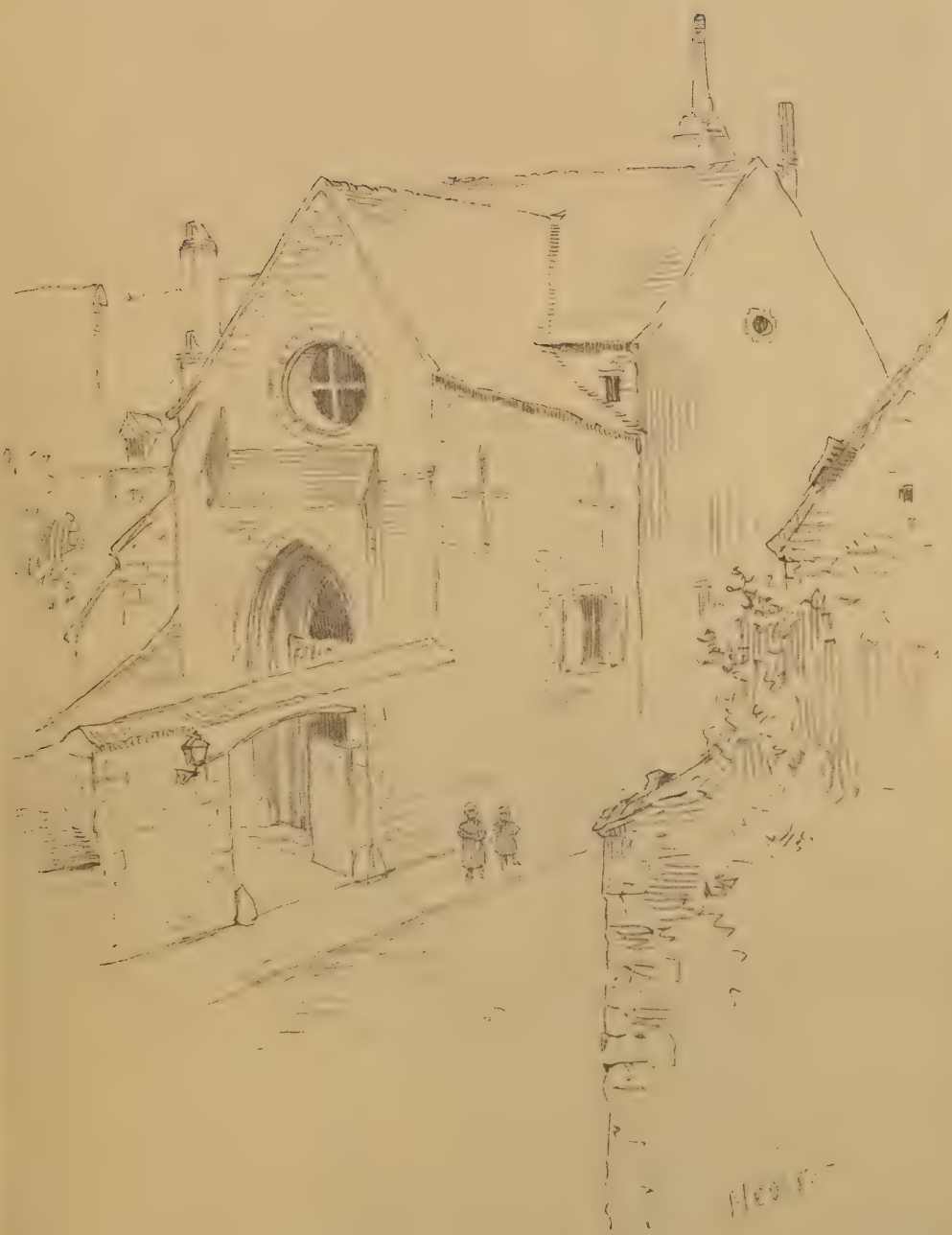
Shore of Lake Superior Sept. 7



From our Window
Ier. n. Sept 10th.



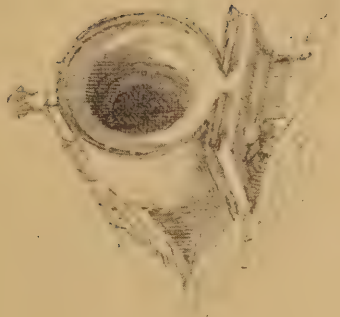
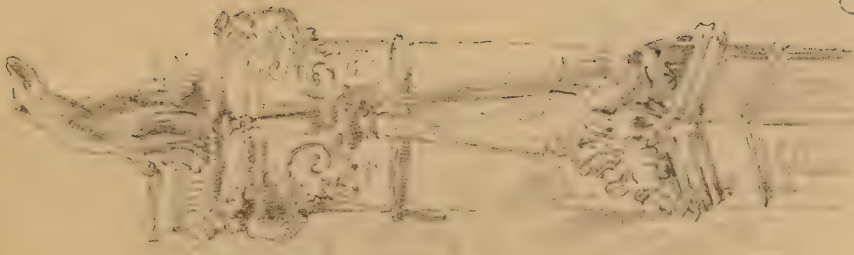
Nevers.
Sept. 8.



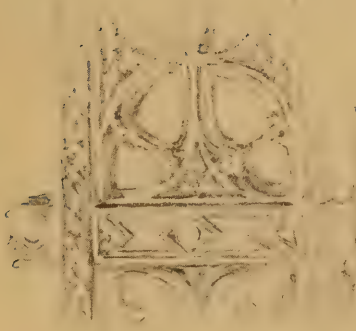


Notre Dame
Bourges - Sept 5

Caen Aug 7



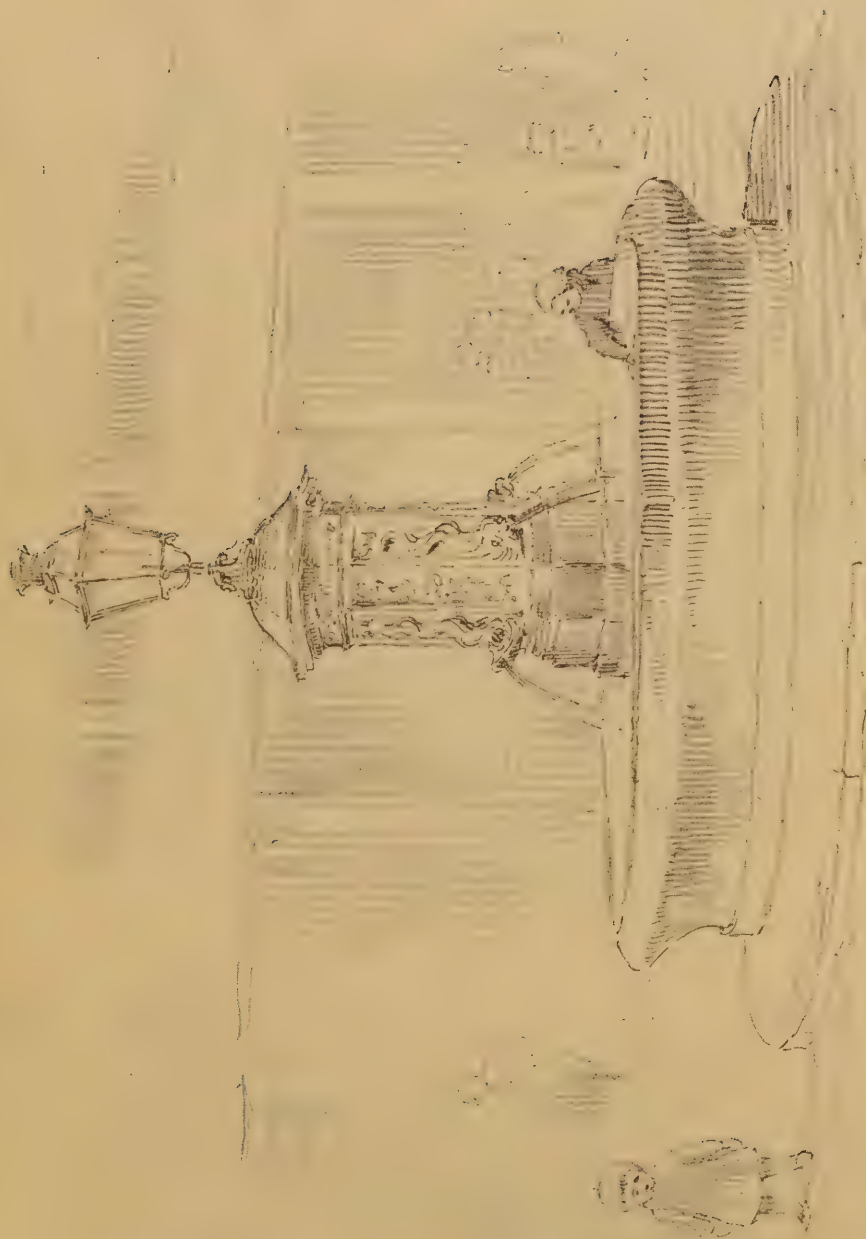
view of Caen



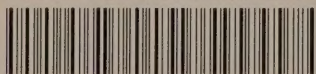
view of Caen



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